

GEO. M. BAKER'S

NEW PLAYS.

PAST REDEMPTION. 4 Acts. Price 25 cts.

COMRADES. 3 Acts. Price 25 cts.

TITANIA. A Fairy Play for Children. 2 Acts. Price 25 cts.

OUR FOLKS. 3 Acts. Price 15 cts.

SANTA CLAUS THE FIRST. A Christmas Play for Children. By F. E. Chase. 25 c.

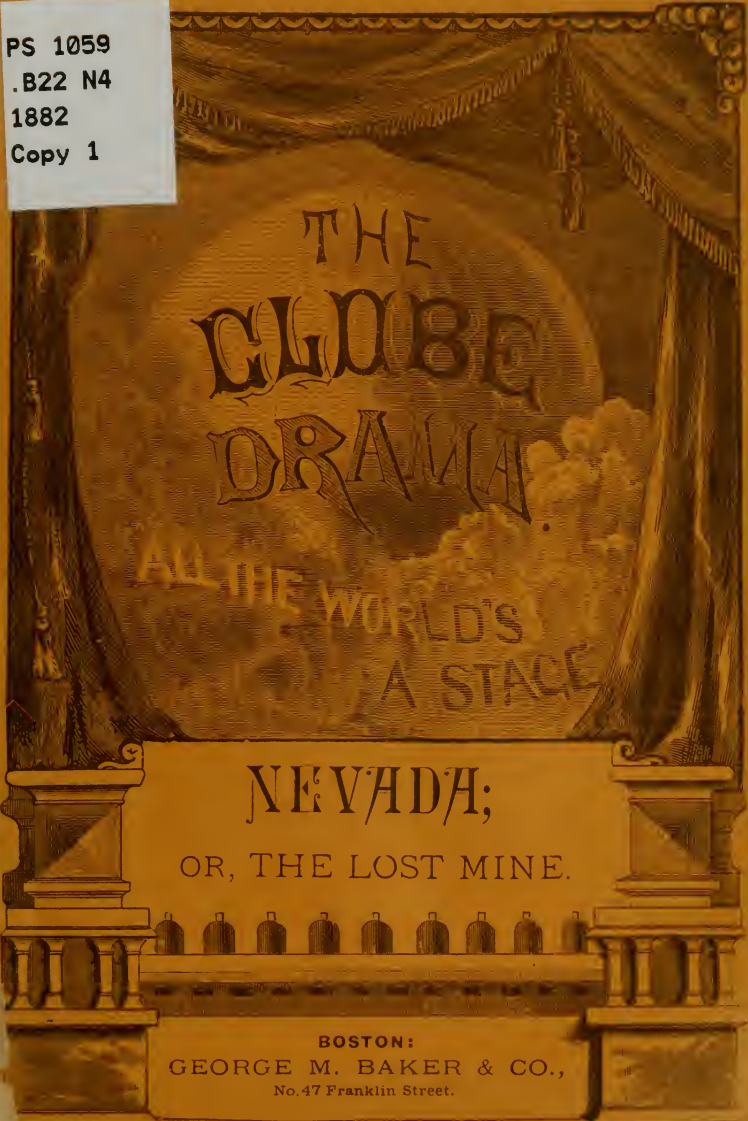
REBECCA'S TRIUMPH. For female characters only. Price 25 cts.

PS 1059

.B22 N4

1882

Copy 1



THE
GLOBE
DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S
A STAGE

NEVADA;

OR, THE LOST MINE.

BOSTON:

GEORGE M. BAKER & CO.,

No. 47 Franklin Street.

Copyright, 1876, by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Spencer's Universal Stage.

A Collection of *COMEDIES, DRAMAS, and FARCES*, adapted to either Public or Private Performance. Containing a full description of all the necessary Stage Business.

PRICE, 15 CENTS EACH. No Plays Exchanged.

1. **LOST IN LONDON.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 6 male, 4 female characters.
2. **NICHOLAS FLAM.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 3 female char.
3. **THE WELSH GIRL.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Mrs. Planché. 3 male, 2 female char.
4. **JOHN WOPPS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 2 female char.
5. **THE TURKISH BATH.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand. 6 male, 1 female char.
6. **THE TWO PUDDIFOOTS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
7. **OLD HONESTY.** A Comic Drama in 2 Acts. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
8. **TWO GENTLEMEN IN A FIX.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male char.
9. **SMASHINGTON GOIT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 3 female char.
10. **TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Leoux Horne. 4 male, 1 female char.
11. **JOHN DOBBS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female char.
12. **THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By Edward Fitzball. 6 male, 2 female char.
13. **AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
14. **BROTHER BILL AND ME.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 4 male, 3 female char.
15. **DONE ON BOTH SIDES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
16. **DUNDUCKETTY'S PICNIC.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 6 male, 3 female char.
17. **I'VE WRITTEN TO BROWNE.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
19. **MY PRECIOUS BETSY.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female char.
20. **MY TURN NEXT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 3 female char.
22. **THE PHANTOM BREAKFAST.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Chas. Selby. 3 male, 2 female char.
23. **DANDELION'S DODGES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
24. **A SLICE OF LUCK.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 4 male, 2 female char.
25. **ALWAYS INTENDED.** A Comedy in 1 Act. By Horace Wigan. 3 male, 3 female char.
26. **A BULL IN A CHINA SHOP.** A Comedy in 2 Acts. By Charles Matthews. 6 male, 4 female char.
27. **ANOTHER GLASS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Thomas Morton. 6 male, 3 female char.
28. **BOWLED OUT.** A Farce in 1 Act. By H. T. Craven. 4 male, 3 female char.
29. **COUSIN TOM.** A Commedietta in 1 Act. By Geo. Roberts. 3 male, 2 female char.
30. **SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male, 3 female char.
31. **HIT HIM, HE HAS NO FRIENDS.** A Farce in 1 Act. By E. Yates and N. H. Harrington. 7 male, 3 female char.
32. **THE CHRISTENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 6 female char.
33. **A RACE FOR A WIDOW.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 5 male, 4 female char.
34. **YOUR LIFE'S IN DANGER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
35. **TRUE UNTO DEATH.** A Drama in 2 Acts. By J. Sheridau Knowles. 6 male, 2 female char.
36. **DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** An Interlude in 1 Act. By W. H. Murray. 10 male, 1 female char.
37. **LOOK AFTER BROWN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By George A. Stuart, M. D. 6 male, 1 female char.
38. **MONSEIGNEUR.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By Thomas Archer. 15 male, 3 female char.
39. **A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 3 male char.
40. **BROTHER BEN.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 3 female char.
41. **ONLY A CLOD.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By J. P. Simpson. 4 male, 1 female char.
42. **GASPARDO THE GONDOLIER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. By George Almar. 10 male, 2 female char.
43. **SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.** A Drama in 1 Act. By Slingsby Lawrence. 3 male, 3 female char.
44. **DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.** A Farce in 1 Act. By J. M. Morton. 3 male, 2 female char.
45. **NURSEY CHICKWEED.** A Farce in 1 Act. By T. J. Williams. 4 male, 2 female char.
46. **MARY MOO; or, Which shall I Marry?** A Farce in 1 Act. By W. E. Suter. 2 male, 1 female char.
47. **EAST LYNNE.** A Drama in 5 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
48. **THE HIDDEN HAND.** A Drama in 5 Acts. By Robert Jones. 16 male, 7 female char.
49. **SILVERSTONE'S WAGER.** A Commedietta in 1 Act. By R. R. Andrews. 4 male, 3 female char.
50. **DORA.** A Pastoral Drama in 3 Acts. By Chas. Reade. 5 male, 2 female char.
55. **THE WIFE'S SECRET.** A Play in 5 Acts. By Geo. W. Lovell. 10 male, 2 female char.
56. **THE BABES IN THE WOOD.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Tom Taylor. 10 male, 3 female char.
57. **PUTKINS; Heir to Castles in the Air.** A Comic Drama in 1 Act. By W. R. Emerson. 2 male, 2 female char.
58. **AN UGLY CUSTOMER.** A Farce in 1 Act. By Thomas J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female char.
59. **BLUE AND CHERRY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
60. **A DOUBTFUL VICTORY.** A Comedy in 1 Act. 3 male, 2 female char.
61. **THE SCARLET LETTER.** A Drama in 3 Acts. 8 male, 7 female char.
62. **WHICH WILL HAVE HIM?** A Vaudeville. 1 male, 2 female char.
63. **MADAM IS ABED.** A Vaudeville in 1 Act. 2 male, 2 female char.
64. **THE ANONYMOUS KISS.** A Vaudeville. 2 male, 2 female char.
65. **THE CLEFT STICK.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
66. **A SOLDIER, A SAILOR, A TINKER, AND A TAILOR.** A Farce in 1 Act. 4 male, 2 female char.
67. **GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME.** A Farce. 2 male, 2 female char.
68. **DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Farce. 6 male, 4 female char.
69. **A HUSBAND TO ORDER.** A Serio-comic Drama in 2 Acts. 5 male, 3 female char.
70. **PAYABLE ON DEMAND.** A Domestic Drama in 2 Acts. 7 male, 1 female char.

Descriptive Catalogue mailed free on application to

Geo. M. Baker & Co., 47 Franklin St., Boston.

NEVADA;

OR,

THE LOST MINE.

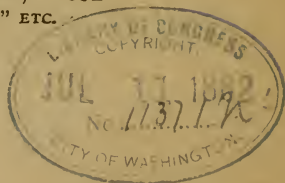
A Drama in Three Acts.

BY

✓
GEORGE M. BAKER,

AUTHOR OF "COMRADES," "BETTER THAN GOLD," "PAST REDEMPTION," "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH," "AMONG THE BREAKERS," "THE LAST LOAF," "ABOVE THE CLOUDS," "OUR FOLKS," "MY BROTHER'S KEEPER," ETC.

34



BOSTON:

GEORGE M. BAKER AND COMPANY.

1882.

—

PS 1059
B22 N4
1882

COPYRIGHT, 1882,
By GEORGE M. BAKER.

CHARACTERS.

NEVADA, THE WANDERER.
VERMONT, AN OLD MINER.
TOM CAREW, }
DANDY DICK, } YOUNG MINERS.
SILAS STEELE, MISSIONARY OF HEALTH.
JERDEN, A DETECTIVE.
JUBE, A BLACK MINER.
WIN-KYE, A CHINAMAN.
MOTHER MERTON.
AGNES FAIRLEE.
MOSELLE, A WAIF.

COSTUMES.

NEVADA. Long white hair and beard, gray shirt, dark pants, both ragged; boots and belt; one leg of pants in boot, the other hanging in ribbons.

VERMONT. Iron-gray bald wig and beard, gray shirt, overalls tucked in boots, belt, pistol in hip-pocket, short coat, slouch hat.

TOM. Full black beard, blue shirt, dark pants tucked in long boots, black necktie, short coat, pistol in hip-pocket, slouch hat worn jauntily, red handkerchief worn for belt.

DANDY DICK. Light hair and beard, trimmed; blue shirt with red necktie, dark pants tucked in long boots, dark coat, Derby hat; dressed neatly as possible.

JERDEN. Full beard, mixed suit, pistol in hip-pocket, Derby hat.

JUBE. Woolly wig, black face, throat, and arms, red shirt thrown back from throat, with sleeves rolled up to elbow, overalls in boots.

WIN-KYE. White pants, blue blouse, cue.

SILAS. Red wig, mustache, and goatee, tourist blouse, long boots, slouch hat.

MOTHER. Gray wig, calico dress.

AGNES. Travelling-dress and hat.

MOSELLE. *First Dress.* Travelling-dress, hat and feather, neat and tasty. *Second Dress.* Short red dress, blue kerchief knotted loosely on breast, light stockings, boots, broad-brimmed straw hat, arms bare, hair free.

THE LOST MINE.

ACT I. — *Wooded and rocky flat; inclined run R., masked by rocks, leading up from a rocky platform C.; door and part of a log cabin, L., creepers and vines running over it, rocks and foliage; L. mask the remainder; R. rocks and foliage, rock for a seat R., near 2 entrance. Stump for a seat L., between platform and door; on rock masking run R. in large white letters, "Busted's Balm," to which with paint-pail in left hand, and brush in right, SILAS STEELE is discovered giving a finishing touch. SILAS sings,—*

Oh! here's to good old Busted,
Write him down;
Oh! here's to good old Busted,
Write him down;
Oh! here's to good old Busted,
For his balm is always trusted:
Write him down, write him down, write him down.

(Stands off, and looks at his work.) Again the missionary of health plants his victorious banner on a giant boulder, that shall forever point the westward hoers to the fountain of health. *(Sets down pail, and looks at his hands.)* A fountain of water would be more to my taste just now: the handle of that pail is in a bad condition, but I'll fix it. *(Takes a newspaper from his pocket, and wraps it round handle while speaking.)* Big scheme of Busted to spread his balm all over the continent, from Switcham, Vt., to the top of the Sierra Nevadas. Such outward applications of the infallible awaken curiosity, curiosity stirs the sluggish brain to action, the active brain arouses the torpid system, and

health re-animates the sinking frame. For further particulars see small bills. That M's a little shaky; I'll touch it up a little, or some of these hardy miners will take it for a bad spell: and, being so choice in their language, that would never do. (*Works with brush. Sings*), —

Oh! here's to good old Busted.

(*Enter from cabin MOTHER MERTON, with broom.*)

MOTHER. Who on earth is that howling?

SILAS (*sings*), —

Write him down,

MOTHER. A stranger! What's he doing to that rock?

SILAS (*sings*), —

Oh! here's to good old Busted.

MOTHER. Busted! I do believe he's trying to blast it right before my door — blow us all up. (*Brings broom down on his back smartly.*) Here, stop that!

SILAS (*turning, and presenting brush like a pistol.*) Look out for paint. (*MOTHER steps back.*) I beg your pardon; but, if there is any thing in my personal appearance that leads you to suspect my jacket needs dusting, a gentler application of the duster might save the dustor some strength, and the dusteed much wind. Hang it! you nearly took away my breath.

MOTHER. Served you right. Who are you? Where did you come from? What's that daub?

SILAS (*aside*). Daub! shade of Michael Angelo! (*Aloud.*) Madam, I am a missionary.

MOTHER. Good gracious! A parson. Why didn't you say so before? Settled?

SILAS. No. (*Rubs shoulders.*) I thought I was just now.

MOTHER. Where do you hail from, parson?

SILAS. Switcham, Vt. That answers your second interrogatory. The third I will save you the trouble of repeating by announcing the fact that the daub, as you are pleased to call my etching, is the good tidings I am ordained to proclaim. That's one of my sermons; and sermons in stones, though not original with me, have at least the merit of brevity to recommend them.

MOTHER. "Busted's Balm." Are you Busted?

SILAS. No; but I shall be if you ask any more questions.

MOTHER. Oh, come, be sociable! I came from Vermont myself.

SILAS. Possible?

MOTHER. Yes: twelve years ago, with my husband, expecting to return in two years with a fortune; but in two years husband died.

SILAS. Ah! A *misfortune*.

MOTHER. And here I've been ever since, the mother of this camp; and my boys — white, black, and yellow — take good care that I have my share of the dust.

SILAS (*shrugs shoulders*). I understand — with a broom.

MOTHER. La, parson! don't bear malice: do you suppose I'd have struck you, if I'd an idea of your cloth?

SILAS. Thank you. My coat *is* rather thin.

MOTHER. Expect to locate here? The boys would be mighty glad to have you; and they'd see that you had a peaceful hearing, if they had to shoot the whole congregation.

SILAS. Would they? Very kind of the boys, but I hope they'd leave somebody to pass the contribution-box.

MOTHER. Vermont would see to the dust.

SILAS. Who's Vermont?

MOTHER. The best of the lot, steady as a clock, but a powerful wrestler; that's his weakness.

SILAS. Is it? I've a strong weakness in that line too.

MOTHER. You'd have no show with him. Now, parson —

SILAS. Oh, drop that! This person is no parson, but, if the old saying is true, just the opposite; for I am a deacon's son.

MOTHER. The deuce you are!

SILAS. No: the Deuce's grandson.

MOTHER. What's your name?

SILAS. Silas Steele, jun. I'm the little one, and dad's the big Steele. I'm travelling for Busted's Balm.

MOTHER. Where do you expect to find it?

SILAS. 'Tis found already. And, to spread abroad the glorious fact, I've taken a large contract; and it's the biggest undertaking any undertaker ever undertook. I never realized before that there was such a strong objection to clean

white paint; but I've found it out now, for I've been peppered by indignant shot-guns, pounded by angry broomsticks, booted by revengeful brogans, and bulldozed by man's faithful friends, the puppies.

MOTHER. Then, you're only a pill-pedler, after all.

SILAS. A pill-pedler! great Busted!

MOTHER. You said you were a missionary.

SILAS. So I am. What nobler mission than mine, to proclaim to a suffering world, sunk in misery by aches and torments, the advent of the wonderful cure-all that will eradicate the ills with which the body groans, from bald head to bunions? For further particulars see small bills. (*Looks off R.*) Ah! there's a bowlder I missed; must secure that before Foggarty's Liniment, or some other quack nostrum, defaces the fair face of nature with a lie. (*Goes up run, turns.*) Good-by, widow. Give the parson's benediction to the boys. (*Exit.*)

MOTHER. Well, of all harum-scarum chaps, he's the tongueyist; I couldn't get a word in edgeways.

(*Enter VERMONT, R. 2 E.*)

VERMONT. Little one come, widder?

MOTHER. No: supper's all ready for her.

VERMONT. Stage's about due. Widder, I've a little matter on my mind I'd like to pan out afore the little one gets here.

MOTHER. About her?

VERMONT (*sits on rock R.*). Yes, about her. It's ten years, widder, since your old man passed in his checks, and had a hole scooped for him out there under the hill.

MOTHER (*sighs*). Ah, yes!

VERMONT. It was jest about that time that I dropped into your ranch one dark night, with a little girl in my arms. She might have been a five-year old —

MOTHER. Or six: we never could make out. She was burning with fever. You found her in a basket, floating in the creek.

VERMONT. Exactly. That's what I told you, and I brought her to you because you was the only female woman in the camp.

MOTHER. Yes: bless her! she brought luck with her.

VERMONT. You bet she did. Those little ones always do. Well, I read-a long while ago, while prospecting in the

big book, — that's pay-dirt way down to bed-rock, — about that king pin what struck the little game "Faro," and named it arter hisself, how he had a darter what found a baby floating in a creek, and called it "Moses;" and, as I warnt goin' back on scripiter, I named our little one Moses too.

MOTHER. And, as that was not a girl's name, I changed it to Moselle.

VERMONT. That was too Frenchy for the boys; so they split the dif, and called her Mosey.

MOTHER. And Mosey is just worshipped by the boys. I believe, if you would let them, they would cover her with gold.

VERMONT (*rising*). Likely. But, when I washed that nugget outer the creek, I staked a claim in which I wanted no partners. Says I, "Vermont, here's a chance for you to use your dust, and don't you forget it." I believe the angels dropped one of their little sisters into the creek, to make an ugly old sinner ashamed of his wickedness. (*Passes his arm across his eyes.*) Widder, you've been a mother to her, and a good one.

MOTHER. And you, the best of fathers. Every year you've sent her off to school, and to-day she comes back to us —

VERMONT. With Tom Carew, our Tom, the handsomest and squarest miner in the diggin's. I wouldn't trust the bringin' of her home to any other of the boys.

MOTHER. Except Dick: she's very fond of Dick.

VERMONT. Dandy Dick, as the boys call him. Oh, he's well enough for a short acquaintance. He's only been here six months, and there's something about him — Well, if Mosey likes him, it's all right.

JUBE (*outside R.*). Hi, hi! Mudder Merton, de stage am come, Mosey's to hum.

(*Enter JUBE, down run, with a hat-box under one arm, a valise in hand, followed by WIN-KYE with a valise in left hand, an umbrella spread over his head. JUBE comes down L., WIN-KYE drops valise on platform, tumbles over it, and mixes himself up with the umbrella.*)

JUBE. Golly, see dat ar mongo! hist yerself, hist yerself. Want to broke ebery bone in dat ar ambriil?

WIN-KYE (*jumping up and closing umbrella*). Umblillee spilllee all ligh'.

JUBE. Dar's a surprise party comin', Mudder Merton. Golly! such a bobbycue. Smoove yer har, Vermont, smoove yer har, take yer boots outer yer pants; dust de cheers, mudder, dust all de cheers; dar hasn't been sich an arribal since — since the Queen ob Shebang went wisiting ole King Solomon Isaacs, nebber.

WIN-KYE (*puffing*). Jube walkee fast, talkee fast, me no catchee bleath, me puffee.

VERMONT. What's the matter, Jube? it's only our Mosey.

WIN-KYE. Mosey nice gally, velly nice gally; me chin chin Mosey, Mosey chin chin me; all ligh'.

JUBE. Mosey. Yah, yah, she's come, bress her! Jes' as lobely and libely as eber. Why, de boys jes' crowd roun' dat ar stage, and shook her han's, and she shook back, an' laff; golly, how she laff! might heard her a mile off. But dar's anuder.

MOTHER. Another, Jube?

JUBE. Yas indeed, a rale lady; no riff-raff, but de real ting, de dust in de pan, jes a seraphine, hansom', oh, my! an' sweet, sweet — golly! when I seed that lilly foot ob hers creepin' out ob der stage, it jest smashed *me*.

WIN-KYE. She snapee eyes, she smilee so (*grins*), she smashee me.

MOSELLE (*outside*). Never mind me, Tom, help Agnes: my foot is on my native heath, my name's (*appears on run*) —

ALL. Mosey?

MOSELLE. Yes, Mosey, Moses, Moselle, — we three. Ha, ha, ha! that's me. (*Runs down into Mother Merton's arms.*) O you dear old soul, ain't I glad I'm home!

MOTHER. 'Tis a happy day for us, darling.

MOSELLE (*breaking away*). Where's daddy?

VERMONT. Right here, little one.

MOSELLE (*throws her arms about his neck*). Here's your nugget, daddy. Ain't you glad to get it back?

VERMONT. Glad? that's no name for it (*holds her off*). Let's have a look at you, — sunshine all over, and as fine as a fiddle in your store-clothes.

MOSELLE. I'll not be in them long, daddy, so take a good look at them; for I'm just dying to get into my old climbing-suit, and away for a scamper over the rocks. Ah, Jube! there's lots of fun ahead.

JUBE. Yas, indeed, honey! jes' waitin' fer yer to touch it off.

MOSELLE. Ha, ha, ha! I'm a match for it. Ain't I, Win?

WIN-KYE. You sclatchee match, blow high-sky, fitt!

MOSELLE (*in front of WIN-KYE*). Oh, you queer bit of broken China! I'd like to set you on a shelf at school, and set your head a-going to please the boys. (*Points forefingers up, and nods head à la Chinese.*)

WIN-KYE (*imitating her*). No settee up fol the boys.

MOSELLE. Ha, ha, ha! but you must go. Ah, daddy! I'm as full of mischief as I was the day I threw the powder-flask into your frying-pan. (*All laugh.*)

JUBE. Dat was rough on de ole man.

MOSELLE. Jube remembers it; for, while he was helping daddy put a new roof on and patch up the rent, I hid his shovel and pick; and he couldn't find it for a week. (*All but JUBE laugh.*)

WIN-KYE (*points to JUBE*). That blakee him all uppee.

MOSELLE. So look out for yourselves, old folks, young folks: I give you fair warning. Mind that pigtail, Win: I want it for my back hair.

WIN-KYE. All ligh'! you catchee, you clippee, you Mosee, me mosee too.

TOM (*outside*). Be careful of that rock, Miss. Give me your hand. Now you're all right.

MOSELLE. Oh! what am I thinking of? Mother, I've brought you a visitor, — Miss Fairlee, one of our teachers, and a very dear friend of mine.

JUBE. Dat's what I tole yer, de Queen ob Shebang.

(*TOM and AGNES appear on run descending.*)

MOTHER. She is heartily welcome.

TOM (*on platform*). You hear that, Miss, — she speaks for us all. A rough set we miners, rough and rugged as the soil in which we search for gold; but there are many among us who remember homes far off, made happy by mothers, wives, and sisters. So have no fears. To the rude cabins that shelter us, to the homely fare that sustains us, and to the protection of strong arms, you are heartily welcome. (*Leads her down to MOTHER MERTON.*)

MOTHER (*takes her hand*). Indeed you are!

AGNES. Thank you. I fear I shall trespass on your kindness. But the hope of finding some trace of a very dear friend has induced me to accept Moselle's invitation.

MOSELLE. Agnes, you must know my daddy. (*Brings VERMONT up C. from L.*) Miss Fairlee, daddy; daddy, Miss Fairlee.

VERMONT (*bowing*). Very glad to meet you.

AGNES (*offering her hand*). And I am proud to know you. Moselle is a bright scholar: she has made many friends at school, but I know the warmest corner in her heart is kept for you.

VERMONT. Thank you, marm: if I can serve you, call on Vermont every time.

JUBE. An' when de ole man ain't roun', jes' look dis way. I's spy, and dreffel willin'.

WIN-KYE. Alle same so lookee me.

AGNES. Thank you all.

MOTHER. You must be hungry after your long ride. Supper's all ready.

MOSELLE. Supper! Where is it? I never was so hungry but once: that's now.

MOTHER. This way, Miss Fairlee. (*Exeunt MOTHER and AGNES into cabin.*)

JUBE. Come on, Win. Tote de luggage in. (*Exit into cabin.*)

WIN-KYE. All ligh'! Schoolee-marm some punkee. (*Exit to cabin.*)

MOSELLE. Ain't she lovely, daddy? (*Goes to door, turns, and looks at TOM, who stands L. C. looking at door.*) Tom (*puts her hand on heart, and sighs*), I'd pity you, but I'm so hungry. Ha, ha, ha! (*Exit.*)

(*VERMONT crosses, and sits on rock R., watching TOM, who stands with his eyes on door.*)

TOM. Lovely? Never was a more tempting bait set before the eyes of a hungry miner to lure him back to civilization. Out of a world from which we have banished ourselves for greed of gold, she comes, gentle and refined, to show us the lost state of peace and happiness to which, though the earth unbosom its richest treasures, we hardened wretches can never return.

VERMONT. Tom, what yer starin' at that door for? Ain't in love, air yer?

TOM (*comes down*). In love? I never yet saw a woman that could bring a blush to my face. That's one of the indications, isn't it?

VERMONT. Exactly.

MOTHER (*sticking her head out of door*). Tom, come and have some supper. (*Disappears.*)

TOM. No, thank yer: I'm not hungry

VERMONT. That's another indication.

TOM. Vermont, isn't she lovely?

VERMONT. The widder?

TOM. The widow! No: the other.

VERMONT. Mosey?

TOM. Miss Fairlee, — Agnes Fairlee, — Agnes, — what a name! So poetical! Agnes, — so sweet!

VERMONT. Spell it, Tom: there's nothing like lengthened sweetness long drawn out.

TOM. Old man, you're laughing at me. You needn't: I'm all right.

VERMONT. Not in love?

TOM. Not a bit of it.

VERMONT. Ain't goin' back on the comforts of life?

TOM. No, old man; but when that —

VERMONT. Agnes (*smacks his lips*) does taste kinder sweet.

TOM. When Miss Fairlee placed her little hand in my arm, and looked up into my face, I felt as though I would like to die for her.

VERMONT. Must have been a killing look.

TOM. And when she spoke, the queerest feeling — There it is again. Old man, I feel sick.

(*Enter JUBE and WIN-KYE from cabin.*)

JUBE. Sick? Don't you do it. Dar ain't a fuscian widdin fourteen miles.

WIN-KYE. Me bling pillee man velly quick.

VERMONT. All the doctor he wants is in the cabin. Tom, you're talking like a blamed fool; but it's jest nater: when a woman touches the fancy of a man, it's like the wind among the timber. The little ones sway and rustle, and seem mighty tickled; but the big brawny trees groan and tremble as though their last day had come. Shake yourself together, boy, jump into your hole, a good steady diet of pick and shovel is a sure cure for love or bile.

(*JERDEN appears on run.*)

JERDEN (*speaking as he comes down to stage*). Morning, mates: where can I find one Tom Carew?

TOM. I answer to that name, stranger.

JERDEN. Ah! I'm in luck. They say you're the best informed miner in these parts. I'm looking for a man who came from the East, — Richard Fairlee.

TOM. Don't know him, stranger.

VERMONT. Names don't count here. Most of us is baptized and rechristened when we arrive. What does he look like?

JUBE. Has he got all his arms and legs, years and eyes?

WIN-KYE. Any strawbelly marks, John?

JERDEN. I have traced him by many *aliases*. How he looks now, I cannot say; but when he left the East he looked like this.

Takes photograph from pocket-book, and hands it to TOM, who looks at it, VERMONT, JUBE, and WIN-KYE crowd round him.)

TOM. A good-looking fellow. I don't know him.

VERMONT. Don't belong in this camp.

JUBE. No, sir: dat air feller ain't got no beard, an' has light complex, jes' like Win-Kye.

WIN-KYE. No Chinaman; 'Melican man plaps, Ilishman plaps; no Chinaman.

JERDEN. Well, there he is; and he's wanted by a bank.

TOM. Robbery?

JERDEN (C.). Forgery, twenty thousand dollars.

(VERMONT and JUBE R., TOM and WIN-KYE L.)

TOM. You're a detective?

JERDEN. Yes. Shall I have your help in securing this fugitive from justice?

TOM (*coldly*). We're not man-hunters. Many a poor fellow, made criminal by passion or misfortune, has drifted among us to be made better by a life of hardship and privation. We ask no man's past history. If he be knave or fool, he shows his hand, and he is lost. Miner law is swift and sure.

VERMONT. You've your answer, stranger.

JERDEN. All right: I'll find my man without your help; but, if you should change your minds, there's a thousand dollars for the man who gives information.

TOM and VERMONT (*draw revolvers, cover JERDEN, and speak together*). You get!

(JERDEN turns, and runs up run, against SILAS, who is descending.)

SILAS. Look out for paint. (*Exit JERDEN.*) Seems to be in a hurry. (*Comes down to stage.*) How are you, boys? White, black, and yellow. The widow said she had an assortment of colors, and here they are. Put up your shooting-irons, gentlemen: I'm a friend of the widow's. I left my card here an hour ago. (*Points to rock.*)

TOM. Any friend of the widow's is heartily welcome.

VERMONT. From the east, stranger?

SILAS (*sets paint-pail down near rock*). Switcham, Vt. Name, Silas Steele. Occupation, painter and decorator. For further particulars seek any prominent bowlder, and look out for paint.

JUBE. Golly! dar's a heap er talent in dat ar brush, I know; fur I used to whitewash myself.

(*WIN-KYE edges up to paint, examines it, takes brush, and daubs a little on rock during the following scene, dropping it, and taking it up as SILAS turns and watches him.*)

SILAS. Whitewash yourself? You took a big contract.

TOM. Stopping with the widow?

SILAS. No: only a chance acquaintance. She came from Vermont.

VERMONT. So did I.

SILAS. Did you? Then, you're the man I've been looking for.

VERMONT (*starts*). Eh?

SILAS. My old man took it into his head about twelve years ago to start west, minin'; and we've never seen him from that day to this. Nice old fellow, the deacon, but queer. Started off without so much as a good-by, Hannah, and has been lost to his family, the church, and Switcham, ever since. But we heard from him occasionally in the shape of gold-dust to mother, but no word or clew to his whereabouts. Mother's worried so, I've come out here to look him up if he's alive. Any of you know Deacon Steele?

JUBE. Deacon who? Golly! we's all out ob deacons: dey fall from grace when dey git out here.

VERMONT. You're wasting time, youngster: the deacon's dead and buried.

SILAS. You knew him?

VERMONT. No: but deacons die young here.

TOM. Perhaps 'tis Nevada.

VERMONT and JUBE. Nevada!

SILAS. Who's Nevada?

TOM. The mystery of the mines: you may meet him here to-day, to-morrow in some gloomy gulch, — a ragged, crazy miner, seeking, as he has sought for ten years, a lost mine.

SILAS. A lost mine?

TOM (c). This was his story as I have heard it from old miners. He was known among them a dozen years ago, as a quiet, reserved man, working by himself, wandering off prospecting alone. At times they missed him. He had been off for a week, when, one night, he came in staggering, faint from the loss of blood, with a deep wound in his head, and the wild air of a maniac. From his broken speech, they gathered this: He had found indications of gold, had opened a tunnel, and worked far in, all by himself, mind, following some theory of his own, when suddenly, with his pick, he loosened a stone above his head, which fell and crushed him; not, however, until he had caught one glimpse of a rich vein of gold. Poor fellow, he could never find his way back, and none of his mates could help him. They would have believed his story to be but the wild speech of his wandering mind, had they not found in his tangled hair, mingled with dirt and blood, flakes of gold.

VERMONT. Poor old chap.

SILAS. With a gold-mine in his hair. Rich old beggar.

TOM. Nevada is no beggar; though no cabin is shut against him, no miner's friendly hand withheld. He will neither eat nor sleep until he has earned both food and shelter. For a willing mate in an ugly tunnel, with a steady grip and a strong arm, give me Nevada.

NEVADA (*outside*). Who calls Nevada? (*Dashes down run, and stands c.; music pianissimo.*) Nevada, the gold king. My dominions are beneath the hills, stretching away in veins broad and deep, so rich that I could overturn empires; but I am shut out, the golden doors are closed against me, and the key, the key, is lost. (*Puts his hand to head, drops his head, and comes down slowly; music stops.*)

TOM. Ah! it's one of his off days. Nevada, old man, don't you know me?

NEVADA (*slowly raises his head, looks wildly at TOM, then his face brightens*). Tom, Tom Carew. (*They shake hands warmly.*) You want me. Many a day we have worked together. (*Looks round.*) And here's Vermont.

VERMONT (*grasping his hand*). Right here, pard.

NEVADA. Ah! old grizzly and — woolly.

JUBE. Dat's me to a har.

NEVADA. And little pigtail.

WIN-KYE. Piggee tail velly well, John; alle same you, John?

NEVADA. I'm hungry and tired, Tom: give me a pick.

TOM. Not to-night, old friend: you shall go to my ranch, and to-morrow —

NEVADA. To-morrow. (*Looks about wildly. All draw away from him. Music pianissimo.*) To-morrow I must go back, back along the ravine, three miles, then climb the bowlders, to where that fallen giant lies across the stream; over it to the gorge a mile beyond, and then — and then I'm lost — straight ahead to the right, to the left, again and again, no trail, no trace; and yet 'tis there, ever before my eyes, the wealth of a kingdom, the jewel of Nevada, lost to me forever. (*Covers his face with his hands.*)

TOM. Ah! if we could only keep him from that lost mine.

SILAS. What a wreck! But he's not the first man crazed by gold.

NEVADA. Far off, a mother and her child wait anxiously for my coming, — wait for the gold I promised them. I left the little one sleeping in her cradle. Oh! when shall I see my little child again? (*Music stops.*)

(*Enter, from cabin, MOSEY, with a change.*)

MOSELLE (*running to him*). Now, Nevada, here I am. Have you, too, missed me?

NEVADA (*looking into her face anxiously*). I know that voice and that face.

MOSELLE. Of course you do. It's the same voice that has sang you to sleep many and many a time, and it's the same face you have kissed often. Why don't you now?

NEVADA (*takes her face between his hands, and kisses her forehead*). It's little Moselle back from school.

MOSELLE. With a head full of knowledge, and a heart bubbling over with fun.

VERMONT. And when the two get working together, this camp will be a howling wilderness, you bet.

MOSELLE. Come, Nevada, mother will be glad to see you.

NEVADA. No, child: I cannot go in.

MOSELLE. Then, I'll lead you. You shall find plenty to

do, — bring water and wood for mother; and when you are tired I will sing for you.

NEVADA. Sing! I'll come, I'll come. I love to hear you sing. (*Music pianissimo.*) She was singing to the child the whole day long, — the little one sleeping in her cradle. She smiled in her sleep when I stooped to kiss her, and that smile is ever with me. I see it in the first faint, rosy tints of the breaking day, and watch it deepen and broaden into gold — (*fiercely*) — gold that mocks me, drives me mad. (*Music stops.*)

MOSELLE. Come, come, Nevada, you need rest and quiet. (*Takes his hand, and leads him into cabin.*)

NEVADA. Yes, little one, with you. (*Music until off.*)

TOM. He's safe for to-night.

SILAS. Now, if some good Samaritan would take me in, I'd esteem it a favor for which I will pay liberally. (*Takes bag from his breast.*) Art is my mistress; but, when I get hungry, I turn my eyes from her lovely face to the ground, and dig like the rest of you. There's a little left in the bag.

TOM. You can't pay here.

VERMONT. No, tender foot; but you shall bunk with me.

TOM. With you, Vermont? He'll be the first stranger that ever saw the inside of your ranch.

JUBE. Dat's so. Swachability ain't no 'count wid him.

VERMONT. Come on, stranger: it's jest about the time I fry my bacon.

SILAS. And it's just the time I eat mine, — when I can get it. (*Exeunt VERMONT and SILAS R. 2 E., SILAS taking pail.*)

JUBE. Golly! de idea ob dat ole Vermont takin' in a stranger. De meanest man in de camp.

TOM. He's not mean with Mosey.

JUBE. Das a fac'. But to cotton to a tender hoof. Golly! I jes' like to see him set about it. Come on, Win-Kye: see de fun. (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

WIN-KYE. All ligh', Jube. Me likee funee too. (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

(*Enter DANDY DICK down run, knapsack on back.*)

DICK (*speaking as he comes down*). If there's any fun, let me share it.

TOM. Ah, Dick!

DICK. (*they shake hands*), you brought the sunlight with you?

TOM. Yes, Dick: Mosey's safe and well.

DICK. Tom, the old hole's petered out. (*Takes off knapsack, and drops it near rock R. C.*) I've dug and panned for a week, and not an ounce of dust.

TOM. That's bad; but better luck next time.

DICK. Luck! Not while you hold to such an unlucky partner as I. Tom Carew, I never met a man I so much admired as I do you. When I dropped into this camp, a stranger, without a penny, you took me by the hand, let me in to your claim, an equal partner,—the best paying claim in the camp,—till I struck it; since then we haven't panned enough to pay for bacon. It's my infernal luck. I wouldn't care for myself, but to blast your prospects of a rich find—

TOM. Hold on, Dick. You complain of bad luck,—you whom Moselle loves.

DICK. That's another matter.

TOM. Right. The pure ore of a loving heart is not to be compared to the glittering lie we take to ourselves with which to purchase happiness. The one purifies and ennobles its possessor, the other too often drags us down to the dust from which we filch it.

DICK. Sentimental, Tom? Why, what's come over you?

TOM. A woman. No, an angel. Dick, the sweetest woman you ever set eyes on.

DICK. That's Moselle.

TOM. Oh, you're blind!

DICK. And you expect me to see through your eyes? Well, who is this paragon?

TOM. Moselle's friend, who came home with her to-day. I have only met her once. She is all grace and beauty, and, I'll swear, as good as she is beautiful. If I could only win her, Dick.

DICK. Well, what's to prevent?

TOM. I am only a poor miner, and she—

DICK. A poor judge of manhood, if she takes you at your own valuation. Send her to me: I'll tell her, that if she wants a warm heart, a determined spirit, and a courageous arm, she will find them in Tom Carew, who, in those virtues, stands head and shoulders above all the miners of Nevada. I suppose that is her picture you are nursing so carefully in your belt.

TOM. No: that is a poor devil whom a detective is tracking.

DICK. Ah! let's have a look at him. (*Takes picture.*)

TOM. A detective was here an hour ago; but it's not one of our boys. (*Turns away to L.*)

DICK (*looks at picture, starts, but instantly recovers himself as TOM turns*). No: he's none of us.

TOM. Not a bad face?

DICK. No, but a weak one. A good subject for some designing villain to make a victim of. (*Hands it back, TOM replaces it in belt.*)

(*MOSELLE runs on from cabin.*)

MOSELLE. Now for a run.

DICK. Right into my arms.

MOSELLE (*runs into his arms*). Why, Dick, I never thought of seeing you.

DICK. But you're glad to see me again?

MOSELLE. O Dick! you know I'd rather meet you than any other here (*sees TOM, draws away from DICK, and casts down her eyes*), except Tom.

TOM. Humbug!

MOSELLE. And Tom is lost to me. Poor Tom! He's discovered a wonderful nugget. It's in our cabin now; and Tom is so worried that he's been watching the door ever since it was deposited there, for fear some one should steal it. Ha, ha, ha!

TOM. I was only waiting till you should appear to keep Dick company. Now I'm off. (*Goes to R. 2 E.*)

MOSELLE. Don't be gone long, Tom, we shall be so lonesome without you.

TOM. Oh, have your little love-feast! I'll be back in time.

MOSELLE. In time for what?

TOM. To count the spoons. (*Exit R. 2 E.*)

MOSELLE. Now, what does he mean by that?

DICK. I'm sure I don't know, unless he expects you and I to —

MOSELLE (*holding up her finger threateningly*). Beware!

DICK. Exactly. Beware silver ware, spoons. (*Puts arm about her waist.*)

MOSELLE (*slips away*). Oh, drop the spoons!

DICK. But you dropped my arm.

MOSELLE. I like freedom.

DICK. Then, why do you run away from me?

MOSELLE. To catch my breath. Freedom is a virtue. You make it a vice.

DICK. Ah! but remember, I haven't seen you for three months. Think of the lonely hours without you.

MOSELLE. Think of my lonely hours over those horrid studies,—geography, history, arithmetic! One and one are two.

DICK (*again slipping his arm about her waist*). No: one and one *are one*.

MOSELLE. You're wrong, Dick: one and one are still one and (*slips away*) one.

DICK. Moselle, I'm afraid you'll never be won.

MOSELLE. Not by arithmetic. I hate figures.

DICK. I admire yours.

MOSELLE. Do you, Dick? What! in these rags? Ah! you should see me in regimentals.

DICK. Regimentals?

MOSELLE. Yes: silks and satins, kids and laces, as Madam Ferule turns us out for inspection.

DICK. I should like that.

MOSELLE. I hate it. Give me a gown like this, that shows the honorable tears of contact with briers and rocks; a pair of boots like these, that won't slip on the bark of trees,—and I'm just jolly. I can run, climb, fly. And here I am wasting time. I can stand still no longer. I'm off (*flies up run*): catch me if you can.

DICK. Moselle!

MOSELLE (*stops and turns*). Well, Dick?

DICK. Good-by. In a few moments I shall have left the camp.

MOSELLE (*coming down*). Left the camp! why?

DICK. That is my secret: you may hear bad report of me, may be told to shun me, taught to despise me; but, Moselle, believe me, I love you, and will one day ask you to be my wife.

MOSELLE. Your wife! Dick, who are you?

DICK. Still Dick, or Dandy Dick as the boys style me: the other, an honored name, must still be withheld, even from you. You see, I am frank with you.

MOSELLE. Frank! you tell me nothing.

DICK. Exactly; but I love you.

MOSELLE. You needn't have told me: I knew it long ago.

DICK. And I may hope?

MOSELLE. Yes, on one condition.

DICK. Name it.

MOSELLE (*darting up run*). That you catch me before I reach the big boulder.

DICK. Catch me losing you. (*Exit up run.*)

(*Enter TOM R. 2 E.*)

TOM. Dick, where's my knife? (*Looks round.*) Gone! The cabin is upside down, no hatchet, no knife; nice housekeeper to leave when one goes a journey. There's his pack, and I want my knife; so, Master Dick, by your leave — (*Picks up pack, and is at work on the strap; enter AGNES from cabin.*)

AGNES. I wonder what keeps Moselle.

TOM (*rises, and removes his hat*). Miss Fairlee!

AGNES. O Mr. Carew! the very man I was thinking of.

TOM. Were you? That's odd — no, even — for I was thinking of you: in fact, I've done little else but think of you. (*Confused, takes up pack.*) No: I don't mean that — confused this strap! — you see, my partner has left every thing in confusion: he's no housekeeper.

AGNES. Did you ever know a man that was? You need a wife, Mr. Carew.

TOM. I know it: that's the reason I was thinking of you.

AGNES (*laughs*). You're the tenth miner who has said the same thing to me within a month.

TOM. Only ten? well, it's been a pretty bad month.

AGNES. I hope not.

TOM. Yes: the boys are off in their holes. Wait a few days, and the air will be black with matrimonial speculators.

AGNES. Then, I think I'd better be leaving.

TOM. Good fellows, too, who will make their advances timidly, and feel relieved when they are put out of their misery by a refusal.

AGNES. All of them?

TOM (*dropping pack*). No: for here and there among miners, as among men in every station, you will find one who looks upon women as pure gold; as something to be approached with reverence, and, if won, to be enshrined in the devotion of a life.

AGNES. Such men are scarce.

TOM. And such women plenty, but they don't come this way often.

AGNES. Did ever such a woman cross your path?

TOM. (*sighs*). In my dreams.

AGNES (*laughs*). A visionary woman. Do you see her often?

TOM. As often as I see you.

AGNES (*turns away confused. Aside*). This must go no farther. (*Aloud*). Mr. Carew, would you do me a service?

TOM. Willingly.

AGNES. A very dear friend, one to whom I am in duty bound, has left his home and friends. I have reason to believe he is in this part of the country. Will you help me find him?

TOM (*agitated*). Very dear to you?

AGNES (*casting down her eyes*). Yes.

TOM (*after a struggle*). His name?

AGNES. I cannot tell you that: I cannot even give you the name by which he is known.

TOM. Then, how am I to discover him?

AGNES. You have my name: go among the miners, tell them of me and my quest. He will hear of me, and, in spite of dangers that beset him, will find some way to meet me.

TOM. You set me a hard task.

AGNES. But you will make the attempt? O Mr. Carew! if you could look into that once happy home, now desolate by the absence of a son, for whom a fond mother is slowly but surely breaking her heart, a loving sister mourning, and I—I would give the world to reclaim! (*Weeps*.)

TOM. He shall be found. I'll seek him. Your name shall be the spell to conjure him from his hiding-place, were he in the deepest mine of Nevada.

AGNES. Oh, thanks, thanks! I knew that in you I should find a friend, a helper.

TOM (*bitterly*). Rare confidence, when you have known me but a day.

AGNES. Longer than that. Your brave acts, the generous promptings of your true and noble heart, have been morning lessons to me for many a day.

TOM. You speak in riddles. Where have you heard aught of me?

AGNES. From Moselle, who believes, were she in danger, you would never forsake her. From her eloquent thankfulness of heart, I was led to hope that I, too, might find a champion in you.

TOM. Thank you. You were right. I will serve you faithfully.

AGNES (*giving him her hand*). Thank you. (*Looks into his face, then casts down her eyes, and slowly exits into cabin.*)

TOM (*stands looking after her, then looks at the hand she took, then sighs*). "One who is very dear to me." She said that, — said it calmly, never dreaming of the crushing force with which those words fell. One very — He is her lover, perhaps her husband. And I — I love her. (*Sighs.*) Well, old boy, you've struck a blind lead this time. No pay-dirt here; and yet, I'll swear there was something in those sweet eyes of hers. (*Sighs.*) I must forget her. I'll quit the camp, get far away, and then — no, I have promised to serve her, and I'll do it. Bring him to her arms. (*Sighs.*) Not a pleasant task; but I'll do it, I'll do it. (*Goes to pack.*) Now for my knife. (*Opens pack, pulls out blanket.*) There's no knife here. (*Unrolls blanket. Sitting on rock, photograph drops out.*) What's this? A picture! (*Looks at it, rises.*) It's Agnes, Agnes Fairlee; and he, Dick, is the runaway, her lover, perhaps her husband, Fairlee? (*Pulls other picture from belt.*) Why, this (*looks at it closely*) is Dick. Put a beard on that face, and 'tis Dick the forger. I sha'n't have to go far to find him; and he and I both love the same woman. One word to that detective, he is in prison and she is free. Well, I must be pretty far gone to harbor such a thought. Betray my partner, the man with whom I have eaten and slept, dug and quarried? No, no, not for so bright a pair of eyes as yours, Agnes Fairlee.

DICK (*outside*). Moselle, where are you?

MOSELLE (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! Seek and find, seek and find.

TOM. Ah! I had forgotten our Moselle. She loves him; and he, villain that he is, has trifled with her. She must be protected, saved, though justice overtake him. (*Darts up run.*)

(*Enter JUBE, R. 2 E.*)

JUBE. Say, Tom, Thomas, whar's de fire? Say! so he's

off: yas, so's ole Vermont. Nebber did see sich carrin's on in de 'hole course ob my life. Jes took dat ar tender hoof, de whitewasher, into his cabin, gib him de best cheer, — on de floor, — de best china, den fill him up wid bacon, chock up to de muzzle: den tender hoof was tired — too much bacon — laid down on de bench, an' went to sleep, ole man settin' dar watchin' him. Bym-by de ole man get up sofly, git a blankit, kivers him up, tucks him in. Seed it all fro a crack. Ole man jes clean gone on dat ar tender hoof.

(Enter MOTHER, from cabin.)

MOTHER. Jube, where's Moselle?

JUBE. Oh, she's in anoder scrape.

MOTHER. What kind of a scrape?

JUBE. Candy-scrape, I guess. She an' Dandy Dick havin' a sweet time up dar onto de rocks.

MOSELLE (coming down run). O mother, mother!
(Throws her arms about MOTHER'S neck.)

MOTHER. Why, what's the matter, child?

MOSELLE. Don't ask me. Look there.
(Enter down run, DICK, his hands fastened behind him, head down, followed by JERDEN, with a pistol in his hand.)

JERDEN. Attempt escape, and you are a dead man.
(DICK comes slowly down, goes R., and sits on rock. JERDEN stands beside him.)

JUBE. By golly, he's took!

(Enter VERMONT, R. 2 E.)

VERMONT. Who's took?

JUBE. Dandy Dick. He's de twenty fousan feller.

VERMONT. Ah! we've a traitor in the camp. Who has done this? (Crosses to L)

TOM (descends run). Tom Carew.

VERMONT. You, Tom? (Levels pistol.) Then, take that.

MOSELLE (throws herself before TOM). No, daddy, not Tom. O Tom! why have you done this?

TOM. For your sake, little one: he has deceived you.

DICK. 'Tis false!

(Enter AGNES, from cabin.)

AGNES. Who's that? Ah! (Runs across stage, and falls on DICK'S neck.) Richard!

DICK. Agnes!

TOM. Look there, Moselle. (Points to DICK.)

MOSELLE. No, no! (*Throws herself into VERMONT'S arms.*) O daddy, my heart is breaking!
(CURTAIN ON PICTURE. — TOM C., *points to* DICK. AGNES *kneeling, her arms about* DICK'S neck. JERDEN *behind* them. JUBE L. C., *scratching his head.* MOTHER *at door* L., *her hands clasped, looking at* DICK. VERMONT *with* MOSELLE'S arms about his neck L.)

ACT II. — *Interior of VERMONT'S cabin of rough logs, door C., window with swinging shutter L. C. mountain, wood and rocks as in ACT I.; fireplace R., with fire; stool near. Table L. C., with stools R. and L. of it. Bench R., near first entrance, on which DICK is discovered asleep, covered with a blanket. JERDEN sitting R. of table watching DICK; WIN-KYE at window, looking in; candle burning on table. Lights down.*

WIN-KYE. All ligh'! Catchee man, and man he catchee: all ligh'. Jube he say 'Win-Kye watchee catchee man; no let catchee man kille man he catchee.' Gollee! me pleceman: all ligh'.

JERDEN. How he sleeps! No wonder, poor devil! These miners are any thing but sociable, when the officers of the law are to be entertained. Every cabin shut against us. Fortunately old Vermont took himself off to-night; and I've taken possession, no doubt to be turned out on his return. This beard's mighty uncomfortable. (*Takes off beard, and lays it on table.*)

WIN-KYE. Ki, yi! Catchee man shabee click, no soapee, no lazor.

JERDEN. He little dreams who his captor is. Curse him! he stood between me and the dearest wish of my life; but I have him now. A rare streak of luck. I forged the check he bungled with. Like a fool, he cut and run. That was all right, for had he faced the music it might have been hot for me; but she, Agnes Fairlee, she, too, disappeared. I had risked all for nothing. But as Jerden, the detective, I have tracked him, and found her. Now let me get him away from here: she will follow, and then — (*DICK moves.*) Ah! (*Hastily replaces beard.*)

WIN-KYE. Catchee man flaid he catchee cold. Sh! schoolemarm. Me hoppee stick. (*Runs by door, and exit R.*)

JERDEN (*rises*). Ah! who's there?

(*Enter, past window through door, AGNES.*)

AGNES (*at door*). May I speak with your prisoner?

JERDEN (*bows*). I hate to refuse a lady; but my orders are, to let none communicate with him until he is placed in jail.

AGNES. In jail?

JERDEN. Still, as you seem to be a very dear friend of his —

AGNES. You will grant my request?

JERDEN. If you will give me your word he shall not escape.

AGNES. You will leave us alone?

JERDEN. Certainly.

AGNES. I give you my pledge he shall not escape.

JERDEN (*goes up*). Then, I will retire — out of hearing, but not out of sight. My eyes will still be upon him; and, if he attempts flight, a well-aimed bullet shall be the signal for my return. (*Exit past window off L.*)

(*AGNES looks after him, then comes down, and taps DICK on shoulder.*)

AGNES. Richard!

DICK (*starting up*). No, no, Moselle, 'tis false, false. (*Rubs his eyes.*) Ah! Agnes, is it you?

AGNES. Yes, Richard. How can you sleep at such a time?

DICK. At such a time? It is the first real rest I have had for a year. Agnes, if you had skulked and hid as I have, if you had started from sleep at every sound, had trembled at the approach of every stranger, had feared an enemy would spring from every bush you passed, you would know what a blessed relief it is to feel that all is over.

AGNES (*sits on stool R. of table*). Then, why did you fly from justice?

DICK. Because I was a coward. Afraid to face that same justice, and so have suffered more torments than even her sternest sentence would have inflicted. Now I am going back to face her, and proclaim my innocence.

AGNES. Your innocence?

DICK. Have you ever doubted it?

AGNES. Yes. Your strange flight, your silence for a year, the circumstances —

DICK. Were all against me. Agnes, I am suffering for the crime of another. You knew him, — Stephen Corliss.

AGNES. Your friend?

DICK. So he called himself. You know how we became acquainted. He was a friend of the junior partner of the firm of Gordon, Green, & Co., by whom I was employed. He took a fancy to me, invited me to his rooms, insisted on my being his companion in drives, to the theatres, and in other amusements. It was at his request that I brought him home, and introduced him to you.

AGNES. I never liked him: I told you his companionship would do you no good.

DICK. You did. One day he asked me to step round to the bank, and cash a check made in his favor by Gordon, Green, & Co. It was for twenty thousand dollars. I was not surprised at the amount; as I knew he was considered a man of wealth, and had large dealings with the concern. I laughingly asked him if he was not afraid to trust me with so large an amount, to which he replied, "No: if you are not afraid to draw it." I went to the bank, agreeing to meet him at his rooms with the money. On presenting it at the bank, the teller looked at the check suspiciously, and took it to the cashier. One of the clerks whispered to me, "Look out for yourself, Dick, that check's a forgery." Forgery! I started at the word: to me it had always been a horror. I left the bank, not knowing what I was doing. I flew to Corliss's rooms: the door was locked, and on it a placard, "Gone to Europe." I turned and ran, that word "forgery" burning into my brain, through the city, out into country, as if pursued by tormenting fiends. A fever attacked me; and, when I recovered, I found myself in the hands of strangers. Then commenced my wanderings, which have ended here where they should have begun, — in capture.

AGNES. Have you never communicated with your employers, avowed your innocence?

DICK. Never.

AGNES. Why, Richard, you have acted like a madman!

DICK. Haven't I? Perhaps the word "Fool" would be better. How easily I might have cleared myself. How — Oh, well! I'm not the first man who has been wrecked on the reefs of "Might have been."

AGNES. But this man's motive? Why did he act thus?

DICK. Because he loved you. I was in the way.

AGNES. Loved me? Then, through that love I can save you.

DICK. Perhaps you can, but you shall not. I'll take my chances with the law.

AGNES. I shall return with you.

DICK. No: you must stay here in the charge of a friend, the only man I can trust, — Tom Carew.

AGNES. He your friend? Why, he betrayed you!

DICK. So he did: I forgot that. But then, he put me out of my misery, so we'll forgive him.

AGNES. You may, but I, never. I had begun to like your friend. (*TOM appears at window.*) I thought him good and noble: I find him base and treacherous. I hate this Tom Carew. (*Crosses to L.*)

TOM (*aside*). If you don't, you're not the woman I thought you.

DICK. Oh! Tom's a good fellow, only just now he's in love.

(*Enter TOM, door c.*)

TOM (*to AGNES*). If he had no other excuse than that, he would be what you just now styled him, — base and treacherous.

AGNES. Have you not proved yourself so, betrayed your friend, deceived me?

TOM. Deceived you?

AGNES. Did you not promise to seek him I sought, to bring him to me? How have you kept your word? By betraying him to the man from whom I sought to save him. Is this a token of your boasted regard for mothers, wives, and sisters?

TOM. Hear me before you condemn. In these wild lands is a tender flower, gladdening the hearts of rough miners by its fragrance and beauty. From its coming it has been fondly cherished and tenderly cared for. Yesterday it was trampled in the dust by one who knew the fearful wrong he was committing.

DICK. Ah! The flower is Moselle.

TOM. And the despoiler you. That fact known among the miners, your life would answer for it; but, knowing there was one to whom you were very dear, for her sake I checked the first promptings of vengeance, and gave you into the hands of justice.

DICK. To save me from Judge Lynch. I see.

TOM. Whose sentence you richly deserve.

DICK. Don't be too sure of that.

TOM. Now, having saved you from Judge Lynch, it is your turn to save yourself from the detective. My horse is tied outside. Take yourself off.

AGNES. No, you must not attempt escape: his eyes are upon you. A movement, and he will shoot.

MOSELLE (*outside*). Ha, ha, ha! (*Runs in door, c.*) Shoot! I guess not, when he's strapped to a tree. Hear him holler.

JERDEN (*in the distance*). Help! Help!

DICK. Moselle, what does this mean?

MOSELLE. Fun! I told you I was all ready for it; and so, while Tom held the "catchee man," as Win calls him, I gave him the benefit of a rope.

DICK. Hung him?

MOSELLE. Ha, ha, ha! No, only quartered him—under a tree.

TOM. Now, Dick, off with you. Here's my dust (*offers bag*), and the horse will carry two.

DICK. Not your dust, Tom. I'm to have a companion: who is it?

TOM (*with a glance at Agnes*). Can you ask?

DICK. I can. Moselle, will you go with me?

MOSELLE. Me?

TOM (*seizes MOSELLE and places her behind him*). Do you dare, before (*points to AGNES*) the one who has come miles to reclaim you? You know where your duty lies. Take her (*takes AGNES by the hand, and leads her up to DICK*), and away!

DICK. What! Run off with my own sister?

TOM (*staggering back to window*). Sister?

MOSELLE. His sister! Ain't this jolly! O Dick! (*Runs into his arms.*) I'm just dying for a run.

DICK. Then, off we go. (*Exit door c., with arm about MOSELLE.*)

TOM. His sister! (*AGNES sits L. of table, throws her arms on table, face on her arms.*) Well, Tom Carew, you've struck bed-rock now, and no mistake. His sister; and there she is, grieving, because he's gone. (*Comes down R.*) And she hates me. "I had just begun to like your friend." Hang

it! and I, like a blamed mule, have kicked over the pan, and scattered the dust. (*Sits R. of table, puts his arms on it, looks at AGNES a moment, then puts his face down on his arms. AGNES looks up, smiling.*)

AGNES (*aside*). He is a good fellow: only, as Dick says, he's in love. (*TOM raises his head. She quickly drops hers, as before.*)

TOM. I wish I could say something to comfort her; but no: she hates me. (*Drops as before. She raises her head.*)

AGNES. How nobly he has acted, good fellow! Better than that, — he's noble! (*TOM moves. She drops her head. After a pause, both heads raised at the same time.*)

AGNES (*smiling*). Have you been dreaming, Mr. Carew?

TOM. I wish I had.

AGNES. Dreaming of "the tender flower that gladdened the hearts of the rough miners," or of "the visionary woman"?

TOM. Whom I see when I look at you. And you hate me.

AGNES. No! I admire you.

TOM (*rising*). Miss Fairlee!

AGNES (*rising*). You have saved my brother from a horrible death. You have offered him the means of escape.

TOM. He will escape: my horse is swift.

AGNES. No! He is innocent of crime, so will not make the attempt. He is probably now in the hands of the detective.

TOM. But he went with Moselle.

AGNES. Yes, to free the detective.

TOM. Well, I've blundered again. And you are his sister. I never dreamed of that. Ah, if I had a sister!

AGNES. You would be very fond of her?

TOM. Indeed I should.

AGNES. Well, as you have none, and you are Dick's partner, why shouldn't you be fond of his sister?

TOM. Miss Fairlee! Agnes! — May I call you Agnes?

AGNES. Dick does, and you are his partner.

TOM. Agnes, I love you.

AGNES. And I love —

TOM (*holding out his hands*). Well?

AGNES. To have you love me. (*Walks into his arms.*)

TOM (*clasping*). Oh, I've found a nugget!

(Enter MOSELLE, C.)

MOSELLE. Lucky Tom. How much does it weigh? (AGNES and TOM separate.) What are you doing with my teacher, Tom? Has she set you conjugating? I love — you love — or do you both love? I guess if you'd had as much of that as I had, you'd want a vacation.

TOM. Well, we've been considering Dick's case.

MOSELLE. And Dick's settled his case by giving himself up to the detective, whom he mag-nan-i-mously — that's a big word: hope I got it right — set free from the tree; and here they are.

(Enter DICK and JERDEN.)

JERDEN (approaching TOM threateningly). So, you are the one with whom I am to settle.

TOM. Yes: I'm the one (presenting pistol), and here's the other.

JERDEN (retreating). Take care: that might go off.

TOM. I'm afraid it will, if you don't. Hark you, stranger! I gave Dick up under a mistake; and I'm afraid, that, when the boys find it out, you'll have hard work to get away. So, what's your figger?

JERDEN. I don't understand you.

TOM. No? And you call yourself a detective. When banks send out detectives, they want the rogue and the money. When they can't have both, they'll take one. You can't have Dick; so, what's the figger?

JERDEN. Twenty thousand dollars.

TOM. Twenty! Look here, stranger, ain't you settin' it a leetle high? There's not so much money in the whole camp.

JERDEN (aside). So I thought. He's mine. (Aloud.) That's the sum. If you can't pay it, I take my man.

TOM. Never.

DICK. Oh, yes, he will! I'm a little anxious to get East, and he'll pay the travelling expenses.

TOM. Well, you are a cool one; but you just wait until I can wake up some of the boys. I shouldn't wonder — No, no. Twenty —

AGNES (to TOM). Don't interfere, Tom: Dick's innocent.

TOM. All right, if you say so.

AGNES. Moselle, we must go. Dick, will you walk with me? I've something particular to say to you.

DICK. If Mr. Jerden makes no objection.

JERDEN. All right. I'll follow.

DICK. Of course. (*Gives arm to AGNES, and goes to door.*)

AGNES. Good-night, Tom.

TOM. Good-night, Agnes.

DICK. Agnes! Tom, you haven't—

TOM. Oh, yes, I have! Rich find. A nugget, Dick. She's mine.

MOSELLE. Yes, Dick: I caught them *mining*.

JERDEN (*aside*). Ah! I have a rival here.

DICK. Tom, old boy, it's glorious: you were made for each other. (*Exit with AGNES, door c.*)

MOSELLE. Tom, hunt up daddy: he's lots of dust.

JERDEN. Miss Moselle, shall I attend you?

MOSELLE. You?

TOM. No: Moselle goes with me.

MOSELLE. No, Tom, you look out for daddy. Come, Mr. Jerden, I'm your prisoner.

JERDEN (*offers arm*). Prisoner?

MOSELLE (*taking his arm*). Why not? One good turn deserves another: you were mine a little while ago, now I am yours: ha, ha, ha! how you did struggle to escape!

JERDEN. Ah! that was clever. Do you know, I would like to present you with something for that?

MOSELLE. With what, pray?

JERDEN. Something ladies are fond of.

MOSELLE. Oh, do tell me quick!

JERDEN (*showing handcuffs*). Bracelets.

MOSELLE. Mercy! come along. (*Exeunt c.*)

TOM. Twenty—oh, it's no use to think of it; but I must and will find a way to save him!

(NEVADA *passes window and enters door c.*)

NEVADA (*excitedly*). Tom Carew, Tom, quick, rouse the boys: I've found it!

TOM. The mine?

NEVADA. Yes, yes!

TOM. Glory! Dick's free. Yes, Nevada, you've found it where, where?

NEVADA. Hush, not so loud; we must be secret, secret: while I was asleep it all came to me.

TOM. Yes.

NEVADA. I saw the narrow path my feet had made in many journeys to it, I saw the tunnel I had dug into the earth, the rocks I had blasted,—I can go straight to it. And then I saw, Tom, I saw an open vein of running gold, pouring out broad and deep. I dabbled my hands in it, dashed it over my head, and then —

TOM. O heavens! 'tis only his madness.

NEVADA. I woke.

TOM. To find it but a dream.

NEVADA. Yes, yes; but there's luck in dreams, and I shall find it. (*Shivers.*) I'm cold: may I sit by the fire?

TOM. Yes, Nevada.

NEVADA (*goes and sits by fire rubbing his hands and warming them*). I like this, I like to sit before a fire: I can see faces in the fire, — her's and the little one. See the tall flame back there; that's her face, but oh so haggard and pale! She thinks I will never come; and see, there's a bright little flame dancing up towards her, just as the little child used to climb up into her lap; and there's the little one's face now, and her little fingers beckoning to me. Yes, yes, I'll come, I'll come, with the gold to make us all happy.

TOM. Poor old fellow!

(*Enter past window through door c, SILAS, his coat torn, his hat out of shape, his clothes and face daubed with dirt; paint-pot in his hand. Singing,*—

Out of the wilderness,

Out of the wilderness,

Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness.

In the classic vernacular of this benighted region, "you bet." Oh for a bottle of Busted's Balm! I'm sore from crown to heel. (*Drops pail near door R.*)

TOM. Well, stranger, I should say you'd been having a rough and tumble with a grizzly.

SILAS. Wrong, stranger. Grizzly and I have been having a "go as you please," and I'm several laps ahead.

TOM. Where did you strike him?

SILAS. Strike him! Do you s'pose I'm such a fool as to tackle a grizzly with his war-paint on? I struck for home: I never had such a longing for the dearest spot on earth in all my life. You see, stranger, I started out to do a little embalming for the balm: your friend Vermont's hospitality and bacon had made it necessary for me to take a little exer-

cise. Well, I took a long constitutional, practising a little here and there with the brush, until I espied away up a bowlder,—such a bowlder for a six-sheet poster!—that seemed to offer uncommon facilities for the display of the pronounciamento.

TOM. The what?

SILAS. Oh! that staggers you, does it? Well, that's high jinks for the balm. It was the wildest spot I ever scrambled through, the hardest climb I ever attempted; but I reached it, spread the balm in gigantic letters, and was just putting a stop to it, when the earth gave way, and down I went. I didn't have time to take out my watch, but I should think it was about an hour before I stopped dropping. When I did, I found I was underground, evidently in a deserted mine. I might have taken an observation; but an ugly growl in the interior convinced me that the inhabitant of that sequestered spot was not at home for company, so I came out. A little too hurriedly for good manners, perhaps, but with a celerity that astonished me, if it didn't the grizzly. (*Sits on bench.*) Whew! such a run! Excuse me, stranger, if I stretch out a bit. (*Lies on bench.*) I've had enough of the balm (*yawns*) for one day, now I'm going in for a little of the balmy (*yawns*) sleep. Stop a bit. (*Raises himself.*) Must look out for the dust. (*Takes bag from his breast, and places it under his head. Yawns.*) Such a tramp (*yawns*) along the ravine, three miles. (*NEVADA, who has been crouching looking into the fire, raises his head, and looks at SILAS.*) Then over the bowlders to where the big tree lies across (*yawns*) across the creek. (*NEVADA rises, and approaches stealthily.*) Across it to the gorge, beyond (*yawns*), a good mile. (*NEVADA still nearer, agitated, glaring at SILAS.* TOM seated R. of table watches him.) And then to the right (*yawns*); no, to the— (*Yawns and sleeps.*)

NEVADA. He's found it! (*About to rush upon SILAS, TOM steps before him; they struggle, and TOM forces him back to door.*)

TOM. Madman, what would you do?

NEVADA (*in door*). Kill him. He has struck the trail. He would rob me of my treasures, but I'll be before him. Let him dare to meet me there; let him attempt to enter, and he shall find old Nevada a giant defending his own. His river of gold! ha, ha! The old man has not lost his

cunning nor his strength. (*Shaking his fist at SILAS.*) Beware of him! (*Exit C.*)

TOM. Off again as wild as ever. (*Comes down, and looks at SILAS.*) Another moment, and he'd have been at his throat. What could have moved him so?

SILAS (*moves*). Along the ravine —

TOM (*starts back*). Ah! that old story. How often have we heard it! Nevada's oft-told story in this stranger's mouth. Has he in truth, as Nevada said, struck the trail that leads to the lost mine? Has he found the clew to the mystery of years? If he has, 'tis marked, and should be found. There's a fortune for him who strikes it. A fortune would set Dick free, and make Agnes my wife. So, Tom Carew, for love and friendship try your luck, and —

SILAS (*moves and mutters*). Look out for paint.

TOM. Right, stranger. Where you left your mark, I'll look for gold. (*Exit C. and off L. VERMONT passes window, and stops in door looking after TOM.*)

VERMONT. Tom Carew, I reckon, scootin' away like a cotton-tailed rabbit. Outer my ranch, too. (*Comes down.*) Can't find a trace of that tender foot: he's shook me clean. (*Sees SILAS.*) Thar he is. (*Sits R. of table.*) Blamed if the chap ain't been underground. He's struck dirt, and it sticks to him. (*Places elbow on knee, chin on hand, and watches SILAS. JUBE appears at window.*)

JUBE. Golly! dat ole man means mischief. He's jes' been trailin' arter dat ar tender hoof. What's de cunundrum? what he want? Go slow, ole man, I's watchin'.

WIN-KYE (*stealthily sticking his head in at door*). Paintee man sleepee, Vellemontee watchee, Win-Kye alle samee.

VERMONT. Sleepin' jest like a little kid, dreaming of the old mother way down East. Well I remember the time when the old boys, young then, used to think of the old folks, and long for the time to come when they should get fixed up with dust, and go home. How we did dream! and what a sorter lonesome feelin' would come over us, and then we'd get careless. They seemed so far away, till news would come that somebody we knew had passed in his checks, and was farther, farther away. (*Draws his sleeve across his eyes.*)

JUBE. Golly! de ole man's crying. See de weeps! See de weeps!

VERMONT. Tender foot shall go back well fixed. I've been watching for a chance, and now's the time. (*Rises and looks about cautiously.* JUBE and WIN-KYE disappear. VERMONT creeps toward SILAS. JUBE and WIN-KYE reappear as before.)

JUBE. What's de racket?

VERMONT. His bag of dust is under his head. I must have it. (*Creeps nearer, and places his hand on bag.*)

JUBE. Gwine to rob him? It's all out. Can't stan' dat. Whar's dat rebolber? (*points revolver at VERMONT*) ain't goin' to be no foo' in dis yer camp.

WIN-KYE (*sees paint-pot near door*). Paintee man, blushee all light. Me paintee too. (*Takes brush, smells of it, makes a wry face.*) Smelle stlong. Smelle kelosenee. (*VERMONT pulls bag away.*)

JUBE. Buglery, buglery! but I's got de bead on him; jes' wait till he stows it away. (*VERMONT, on one knee, takes a bag from his breast.*)

JUBE. Dat's de game: take out ob whosen's bag, and put in hisen; but—but I got de bead on him. (*VERMONT opens SILAS's bag, and pours dust from his bag into it.*)

JUBE. What's dat? Dar's some mistook. But I got de bead on him.

WIN-KYE (*with brush creeps under the window*). Me paintee, Jube, whitee, all ligh'. (*VERMONT puts back his bag, then about to restore the other under SILAS's head; as he touches him, SILAS springs up. VERMONT rises to his feet.*)

SILAS (*seizing him*). Ah! would you? (*They wrestle; and, with a trip, SILAS throws him back on stool R. of table, his back against table, draws a revolver from his hip-pocket, and points it at his head.*) Yours for health.

JUBE. Now, tangle hoof jes' spoiled de fun, but he's got de bead.

VERMONT. Don't shoot: I'm your dad.

SILAS. My dad?

JUBE. Golly! de ole man's a fader. Ought to be ashamed ob hisself.

WIN-KYE. Jubee! (*Crouching, sticks brush straight above his head.*)

JUBE. Well, was de matter? (*Leans down, WIN-KYE thrusts the brush into his face.*)

WIN-KYE. Looke out for paintee. (JUBE starts back with a yell quick.)

(CURTAIN ON PICTURE. — JUBE grasping the window-sill with both hands, his face contorted, and streaked with paint. WIN-KYE grinning. VERMONT on stool, pressed back against table by SILAS'S hand on his throat, with pistol pointed, looking into each other's faces.)

ACT III. — *Same as ACT I.* — WIN-KYE *enters down run, carrying paint-pail in one hand, brush in other.*

WIN-KYE. Ole man talkee, painteeman talkee: all ligh', Win-Kye walkee, cally pail, inside he mouth he plenty cly, "lookee out fol paint." Painteeman, Chinaman, alle same.

JUBE (*appearing on run*). Win, you imp ob sin, you, you Shanghi, you jes' brung back dat ar whitewash.

WIN-KYE. All ligh', Jubee, me bling 'em back, in the sweetee bymby.

JUBE (*comes down*). Look yere, you Celestial imp, quit yer fool! dis year ain't no time for mischiefvity; dis year am a solem' occasion; de ole man's found his long forgotten chile, — his lost offsprung, — an' — an' you've run off wid der baby's playthings.

WIN-KYE. Muchee solly, baby cly. Supposee you sing him, —

"Littee Jack Horner
Makee sit inside corner,
Chow-chow he Clismas pie.
He put inside tu'm,
Hab catchee one plum.
Hi, yah! what one good chilo my!"

JUBE. Golly! hear dat Chineesers infusions ob potrey. Dat all comes ob his contract wid art. Win-Kye, gib me dem ar 'tensils.

WIN-KYE. — Me paintee locks, me paintee tlees, all samee so. (*Points at sign on rock.*) "Washee, washee." (*Exit I E. R.*)

JUBE. See him hoof it. Dis years de melencolic effect ob tryin' to turn a mongo into a Sambo. I's jes' tried to cibilize dat ar heathen, to gib him a brack heart; an' he no sooner gits a hold ob a paint-brush, off he goes, like ole Nebacanoozer, on a tear.

(Enter MOSELLE, from cabin.)

MOSELLE. Jube, have you seen my daddy?

JUBE. Seen your what? Golly, Mosey, you took my bref away! Seen him! Well, I guess, Mosey, dar was a yearth-quake jes' flopped ober dis year camp las' night: seed it, seed it, felt de shock fro my physical cistern; an' I guess de ole man is scourin' round to kill a fatted calf or a mule.

MOSELLE. What are you talking about, Jube?

JUBE. Mosey, brace yerself: be a man. De Book ob Rebelation am open. Abigal's son am returned.

MOSELLE. Who's son?

JUBE. Abigal's son. Don't you know what de good Book says?

MOSELLE. The prodigal son, Jube.

JUBE. What's de dif? what's de dif? Dat gal's son am returned to his fadder's buzzum; and you're shook. You may cry, "Hi, daddy! ho, daddy!" but dar am no daddy.

MOSELLE. Jube, tell me, quick, what has happened to daddy?

JUBE. I'll tole yer all about it. Las' night I went down to de ole man's ranch on perticular business. Well, de ole man was down dar, I was down dar, Win was down dar, an'—an' somebody else was down dar. Now, you know de ole man dat was down dar; you know me dat was down dar; you know Win dat was down dar; but—but you can't guess who dat somebody else was, dat was down dar, to dat ar ranch down dar.

MOSELLE. Why should I guess who was *down dar*, when you are so anxious to tell me?

JUBE. Well, I tole yer.

(Enter VERMONT, R. 2 E.)

VERMONT. At your peril, Jube.

MOSELLE. O daddy, here you are! (*Crosses from L. to R.*) I was about to hear something dreadful about you.

JUBE. Yas, indeed. I was jes' breakin' to her, genteel, de mournful tidin's.

VERMONT. I'll break your head if you say another word. You git.

JUBE. Yas; but I got her all braced. I can finish in just free minutes. You see, I was down dar—

VERMONT. If you're not up there in less than three minutes—(*Puts hand behind him.*)

JUBE (*runs up stage*). Don't you do it, don't you do it. I was only goin' to say dat, dat somebody else down dar —
VERMONT. Start.

JUBE. Was Abigal's son. (*Dashes up run, and off.*)

MOSELLE. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Jube! He missed his chance by stopping too long "down dar." Now, daddy, what's the matter? where's the "yearthquake" struck?

VERMONT. That's some of the darkey's nonsense.

MOSELLE. Now, daddy, that's a fib. Look me in the eye. No. Stop! If it's any thing I should know, you will tell me: you've always been so good to me.

VERMONT. Well, never mind me. What have they done with Dandy Dick, the forger?

MOSELLE. He's no forger. He's as innocent of crime as you are. O daddy! I want some money.

VERMONT. All right, little one. (*Pulls out bag.*) What's the figger?

MOSELLE. It's rather high.

VERMONT. Never mind: the bank's open.

MOSELLE. Twenty thousand dollars.

VERMONT. Twenty! Bank's broke. (*Puts back bag.*) We ain't struck no diamond mine lately, and nuggets are scarce. Couldn't you make a little discount?

MOSELLE. O daddy! twenty thousand dollars will set Dick free.

VERMONT. Free! Not an ounce of dust comes out of my bag for *him*. He's played you a mean trick; and, if the detective don't take him off, I will. Why, Mosey, I thought you had more spirit.

MOSELLE. I love him, daddy.

VERMONT. And he with another gal hanging round his neck.

MOSELLE. Why, daddy, she's his sister!

VERMONT. What! (*Aside.*) Another prodigal! This camp's getting lively. (*Aloud.*) His sister. That's another sort.

MOSELLE. And you will find the money?

VERMONT. Find twenty thousand? Oh, yes, Mosey! I'll take my pick, and go right off. As finds *are* about here, it may take a few years —

MOSELLE. Years! We must have it to-day. O daddy, you've plenty banked at Carson!

VERMONT. Mosey, when you was a little gal, we used to sit down by the creek.

MOSELLE. Where you found me, longer ago than I can remember.

VERMONT. We used to sit there day after day, while I told you stories.

MOSELLE. Yes, fairy stories.

VERMONT (*sits on rock, R.*). I'll tell you one now.

MOSELLE (*sits on the ground beside him, throws arm across his knee*). A fairy story?

VERMONT. I reckon. Once on a time there was a gospel shebang, and in it was a gospel sharp and a pan lifter.

MOSELLE. You mean a church, a parson, and a deacon?

VERMONT. That's just what I mean.

MOSELLE. Then, please remember, you are talking to a young lady, and not to the boys.

VERMONT. Jes' so. Well, the parson and the deacon didn't hitch horses,—couldn't work in the same hole,—were always flinging dirt all over each other, whenever they got to arguing. So one day they had it hot about wrastling Jacob and the angel. The deacon thought Jacob didn't have a fair show. He allowed that Jacob, at collar and elbow, would have thrown the angel every round; and the parson got mad, and told the deacon if he'd step behind the she—church, he'd show him the angel's trip. The deacon wa'n't to be stumped at wrastlin', so at it they went. Three rounds, and the deacon went to grass every time. Now, when a parson can throw a deacon, it shows a backslidin' that's not healthy. So the deacon thought, and quietly packed his kit, and started for green fields and pasters new, leaving behind a wife and kids. Well, he struck jest about such a place as this, and stuck to it twelve years. He didn't forget the folks at home. Both his heart and his dust went back to 'em, and sometimes he'd have given all his old boots for one look at 'em.

MOSELLE. Why didn't he go back?

VERMONT. What! With that wrastlin' angel bossing the shebang? Not for Jacob.

MOSELLE. Ho, ho! You are the deacon.

VERMONT. I was. Now I'm only Vermont.

MOSELLE. And my daddy.

VERMONT. Last night I wrastled again. I was thrown, and by a boy—my kid—from old Vermont.

MOSELLE. Your son?

VERMONT. You bet.

MOSELLE. Oh, daddy! ain't you glad?

VERMONT. Glad! Why, Mosey, he's got the angel trip, by which the parson threw me.

MOSELLE. But ain't you glad he's found you? It must be so good to hear news from home.

VERMONT. Well, Mosey, you keep quiet: I don't want the boys to know he's my son. I've told you—

MOSELLE. A fairy story. I understand.

VERMONT. Jes' so. A fairy story, without the fairy.

MOSELLE (*rising*). Oh! you're the fairy, for you are always doing good. But where is he? I must see him.

VERMONT. In my ranch.

MOSELLE. I'll just run down and have a peep at him,— the boy who threw the deacon— no, the fairy. Ha, ha, ha! (*Runs off R. 2 E.*)

VERMONT. I reckon I'm a healthy old fairy.

(*Enter MOTHER, from cabin.*)

MOTHER. Where's Moselle?

VERMONT. She's just run down to have a look at the kid—

MOTHER. A look at what?

VERMONT (*aside*). Hang it! There's a slip for the fairy. (*Aloud.*) She's just run down to my ranch. She'll be back in a minute. Widder, you believe that story about the creek and Mosey?

MOTHER. Certainly.

VERMONT. Don't believe it any longer: it's a blamed lie.

MOTHER. Vermont!

VERMONT. That's me, and here's the truth. I was diggin' in Goblin Gulch in them days; and one night a woman, with a child in her arms, came to my ranch. Poor thing! she was all used up with tramping. She was looking for a miner,— her husband, she said. She told me his name; and when she found I didn't know him, she jest dropped on the ground, and died there. I was alone with a dead woman and a live child, and not another soul within five miles. Well, widder, I was skeered. If I was found with them, as likely as not I'd been lynched for murder. So I jest buried the mother, and brought the child to you.

WIDOW. What was the name of her husband?

VERMONT. Widder, that's the mischief. Blame my old wooden head, I couldn't remember. That's why I brought Mosey to you with a lie. If I'd told the truth, that would have been the first question you'd have asked me. If I could only remember that, — if I could only hear it again.

MOTHER. That would be a clew to Moselle's parentage.

VERMONT. It will come to me some day. Till then, the little one has a daddy in old Vermont.

MOTHER. And a mother in me.

VERMONT (*holds out hand*). Widder, put it there. (*They shake hands.*) I've heard tell of some wimmen that banked all their affections in one buzzum, and, when the proprietor of that bank went prospecting among the stars, kept gathering the same kind of gold-dust for the final deposit. I reckon, widder, you're one of that kind. And when you jine your pardner, Tom Merton, pure ore will be scarce in Nevada.

MOTHER. Ah, Vermont, what a pity you're a bachelor! You'd make such a good father.

VERMONT (*confused*). Well, yes, jes' so. (*Aside.*) What will she say when she sees the kid?

MOTHER. And such a good husband! When I look at you, it seems as if I had my dear old man back again. Poor Tom! (*Puts apron to her eyes.*)

VERMONT (*looks at her, scratches his head*). Poor old gal! (*Puts arm around her waist.*) Cheer up, widder: it's only a little while, and you'll hear his voice calling —

SILAS (*appearing on run*). Say, dad, where's my paint-pot?

VERMONT. The kid! (*Runs off R. 2 E. MOTHER screams, and runs into cabin.*)

(SILAS comes down, looks after MOTHER, then after VERMONT.)

SILAS. For further particulars see small bills. After so recent reminders of his connubial relations, it strikes me that the deacon is a little giddy, and the sooner he is returned to the bosom of his family, the better.

(*Enter MOSELLE, R. 2 E.*)

MOSELLE. There was no one there. (*Sees SILAS.*) Hallo, medicine man! Where's daddy?

SILAS. My daddy?

MOSELLE. No: mine, — Vermont.

SILAS (*aside*). Her daddy! Great heavings! The deacon's a Mormon! (*Aloud.*) So, Vermont is your daddy?

MOSELLE. Why, certainly. Didn't you know that?

SILAS. Well, no. I haven't examined the family records lately. Who's your mammy?

MOSELLE. Mother Merton.

SILAS. Murder!

MOSELLE. What's the matter?

SILAS. That accounts for it.

MOSELLE. Accounts for what?

SILAS. The very affecting embrace of an aged Romeo and a mature Juliet. I just now interrupted a tight squeeze, in which your mammy was the squeezeed, and your daddy the squeezeor.

MOSELLE. You saw that? Ha, ha, ha! Won't the boys be tickled!

SILAS. Boys! Do you mean to say there are boys too?

MOSELLE. Why, certainly, lots of them.

SILAS (*aside*). Great Scott! There'll be music in the air, with an anvil chorus thrown in, when daddy goes marching home. (*Aloud.*) But where do I come in?

MOSELLE. You?

SILAS. Yes. For if Vermont is your daddy, and Mother Merton your mammy, and Deacon Steele is my father, and Hannah Steele is my mother, I must belong somewhere among the boys — of the old boy.

MOSELLE. Why, you must be the kid — Abigal's son. Ha, ha, ha!

SILAS. Abigal! (*Aside.*) What! Another family springing up! Oh, this is too much! Hannah Steele's young ones — Mother Merton's boys — Abigal's kid. The old Turk! I must get the old man home.

MOSELLE. So you're the boy that threw his father?

SILAS. Threw *him!* Why, he's floored *me!*

MOSELLE. I'm real glad you've found him, he's so lonesome sometimes. And daddy's got a big heart that would take the whole world in.

SILAS (*aside*). He seems to have taken in a pretty big slice of the better half already.

MOSELLE. Now, you must have great influence with daddy, and you must help me free Dick.

SILAS. Who's Dick?

MOSELLE. One of the boys.

SILAS (*aside*). Thought so. (*Aloud.*) Well, how can I help you free brother Dick?

MOSELLE. By inducing daddy to find the money.

SILAS. Oh! Dick's in a scrape?

MOSELLE. Yes; and twenty thousand dollars will set him free. Daddy has it.

SILAS (*aside*). So daddy's a big bonanza, as well as a big-amist.

MOSELLE. You see, Dick's accused of forgery; but he's innocent. A detective has secured him, and will take him back to-day, unless the money is found to reimburse the bank with what Richard Fairlee is supposed to have defrauded it.

SILAS. Richard Fairlee? I've heard that name before.

MOSELLE. Alice Fairlee's brother.

SILAS (*aside*). Heavings! Another tribe. Richard!— Ah! I have it.

(*Enter WIN-KYE, R. I E., with pail and brush.*)

WIN-KYE. All time walkee, paintee tlee, paintee lock —

SILAS. Ah, the thief! Give me that paint. (*Runs at WIN-KYE, with outstretched arm. WIN-KYE runs under it, and up C.*)

WIN-KYE. Not muchee. My can go all ligh'. Melican man chin-chin girly. Chinaman look out for paintee. (*Exit up run.*)

SILAS. Stop, I say! He's off, and I'm after him. (*Runs up and turns.*) I'll look out for Dick by and by. Just now I must look out for paint. (*Exit.*)

MOSELLE. Ha, ha, ha! you'll have a long chase.

(*Enter AGNES, from cabin.*)

AGNES. Moselle, how can you laugh when this very day Dick leaves us?

MOSELLE. He's not gone yet; and just as surely as I believe in his innocence, just so sure am I that something will prevent his departure. Tom Carew has not been seen this morning, and he's not the man to desert a friend. Depend upon it, he is working for his release from that horrid detective.

(*Enter JERDEN, from cabin.*)

JERDEN. Meaning me. Thanks for your complimentary notice, and a thousand thanks for the hospitality which has

given my prisoner and myself a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast. (*Crosses to R.*) Mr. Fairlee is packing up, and in a few moments you will be rid of us.

MOSELLE. Dick packing up? I'll stop that. (*Exit into cabin.*)

JERDEN. Miss Fairlee, you accompany your brother, of course?

AGNES. No, sir: at his request I remain here.

JERDEN. You remain? impossible! You will not suffer your brother to meet his trial without you by his side to comfort him?

AGNES. If he wishes it, yes.

JERDEN. But this is unnatural, heartless —

AGNES. Sir?

JERDEN. I beg your pardon; but your presence in New York would aid him greatly in establishing his innocence.

AGNES. Ah! you believe he *is* innocent?

JERDEN. Return with us, and I will prove him so.

AGNES. Who are you?

JERDEN. One who has long loved you, — who, though a detective, has wealth and power to set your brother free, and surround you with every luxury.

AGNES. Why, this is madness. I know you not but as one to be despised, a man-hunter and a thief-taker.

JERDEN. Nay, but I can explain —

AGNES. Nothing to satisfy me that you are not a base wretch seeking to profit by the anxiety of a sister. I remain here.

JERDEN. Go you must and shall, even if I have to arrest you as the accomplice of your brother.

AGNES. You would not dare. I have only to raise my voice, to bring to my side a score of manly fellows, who would swing you from a tree, and free your prisoner. Here law is justice, and war on women a crime.

JERDEN. And yet I dare. Your flight so soon after your brother, your being found here together, are strong proof of your complicity in the crime.

AGNES. Another word, and I call.

(*JUBE creeps on from R. 2 E.*)

JERDEN (*seizes her wrist*). Silence, or — (*Puts his hand round to his hip. JUBE creeps close to him, and, as his hand comes round, pulls pistol out of JERDEN'S pocket, and puts it over his shoulder, pointing to his nose.*)

JUBE. Was you lookin' fer dis yer, boss?

JERDEN (*backing to C.*). Fool! give me that pistol.

JUBE. Yas, indeed, when Gabriel blows his trumpet in de mornin', but not dis year morning. (*Shouts.*) Dandy Dick, dandy Dick, now's yer chance: hoof it, hoof it!

(*Enter DICK from cabin, followed by MOSELLE.*)

DICK. What's the matter, Jube?

JUBE. Got de bead on de detect. Now's yer chance: hoof it.

DICK (*crosses to JUBE, and takes the pistol*). Enough of this. I go with Jerden. (*Gives pistol to JERDEN.*) Take your pistol. I might change my mind, and then you would need it.

JUBE. Dat's jes' fool business. Put your mouf right into der lion's head.

JERDEN. 'Tis time we were moving.

DICK. All right! I'll be ready in a moment. (*Crosses to L.*) Good-by, Moselle.

MOSELLE (*throwing her arms about his neck*). No, no: you must not. Where's daddy? where's Tom? Call the boys, Jube.

(*Enter VERMONT R. 2 E.*)

VERMONT. What's the trouble, little one?

MOSELLE (*crossing to him*). O daddy! you will not let Dick be carried to prison?

VERMONT. How am I to help it?

MOSELLE. The money, daddy!

VERMONT. What! twenty thou— No. No: I'd willingly chip in.

JUBE. Yas, indeed, we'll all chip in.

VERMONT. But we can't raise that amount of dust.

(*TOM comes down run with a rusty old pickaxe on his shoulder, and a piece of canvas grasped by four corners in his right hand.*)

TOM. Then, call on me. (*Stops on platform.*)

MOSELLE. Tom!

TOM. Dick, you're free. Look there! (*Throws canvas down on stage: it opens, showing a mass of dirt, and nuggets of gold.*)

DICK. Gold!

JUBE (*runs up, and picks up a nugget*). Look at dar, look at dar!

VERMONT. What have you struck, Tom?

TOM. What for ten long years has been to us a legend, — the lost mine of Nevada. See! here's the very pick he left in the hole. Detective, I cover your offer, and take your man.

JERDEN. Not with stolen gold.

TOM (*comes down L.*). Stolen?

JERDEN. Ay, stolen. You have jumped another man's claim. For proof, you bring his pick left in the mine. Its owner still lives.

TOM. Yes; and here he is (*NEVADA comes down run slowly*), the richest miner in all Nevada.

NEVADA (*on platform*). That's me, boys, that's me; but it's all locked up. Ah! if I could only find the key. You should dig no more, boys. You should live in palaces, dine off gold. Ah, gold, gold! Shall I — (*Sees gold on stage*.) What's that?

TOM. That's fruit, — golden fruit, dug right out of your garden, Nevada. Your mine is found.

NEVADA. No, no: I've been up the ravine three miles —

TOM. So have I.

VERMONT. Then climbed the bowlders —

TOM. To where the giant lies across the stream —

NEVADA. Over it to the gorge a mile beyond; then to the right — to the left, and, and —

TOM. There's where you missed it. Had you turned back five rods, you would have found a clump of bushes hiding the gorge below; and there lifting your eyes, you would have seen on a bowlder high up, a sign —

(*Enter on run, SILAS.*)

SILAS. Busted's Balm, you bet!

TOM. Right, stranger. You gave me the clew. Where you fell, there is the old mine. Do you hear, Nevada? your mine.

NEVADA. My mine, my — Now, Tom, don't trifle with the old man. You could not have found what I all these years have sought in vain. No, no.

TOM. Nevada, do you know this? (*Showing pick.*)

NEVADA (*takes pick*). Why, Tom, Tom, this is mine, — my old pick! Where did you find it?

TOM. Where you left it. Old man, look at me. Did I ever deceive you?

NEVADA. It is my old pick (*hugs it*), and that's my gold. (*Comes down.*) Let me touch it. (*TOM takes up a nugget, and hands it to him.*) Ah, I feel it now, the gold for which I slaved! Ah! you have embittered my life, rich as you are. You might have blessed me had you come sooner; but now, now (*throws down the gola*), O Tom, Tom! I'd give it all for one sight of the wife and little one. (*Sobs, and falls on TOM's neck.*)

TOM. Ah, tears! that's good: he's all right. Take him in, Mosey. (*MOSELLE leads NEVADA into cabin.*) Now, you wait, Jerden, and you'll find the old man ready to treat with you for Dick's freedom.

JERDEN. I decline to treat with him or you. I shall take my prisoner, Richard Fairlee.

SILAS (*comes down*). What name?

JERDEN. Richard Fairlee, forger.

SILAS. Ah, forger! I thought I knew something about him.

JERDEN. Well, what do you know?

SILAS. That he is innocent. For further particulars—Where's my paint?

WIN-KYE (*outside*). Heap gone uppee. (*Enters down run, handle of pail in his hand, paint on his face and on his dress.*) Paintee lock, grizzley stick um head out, wantee paint too, snatchee pail, me scootee. (*Holds up handle.*) Savem piecee.

SILAS. Ah! (*Snatches handle.*) You've saved enough. (*Tears paper from handle.*) Here it is.

ALL. What?

SILAS. The latest add of the balm— (*All groan.*) I'll give you a dose. Listen! (*Reads.*) "Wonderful discovery. The firm of Gorden, Green, & Co. have obtained convincing proof that the forgery perpetrated a year ago was not the act of their clerk, Richard Fairlee, but was a shrewd plot concocted by one Stephen Corliss, for the ruin of that young man."

DICK. The truth at last!

AGNES (*takes his hand*). Good news, brother!

JERDEN (*aside*). Discovered.

SILAS. Hold on: there's something more. (*Reads.*) "Remarkable as this is, it is nothing compared to the wonderful discovery, Busted's Balm." (*General groan.*) "For further particulars see"—

WIN-KYE. Topside locks, all ligh', John.

SILAS. Mr. Fairlee, you've had a close shave.

WIN-KYE. Catchee man close shabe too. No lazor, no soapee: see! (*With a quick movement snatches beard from JERDEN.*)

DICK. Stephen Corliss!

AGNES. That man!

JERDEN. Yes, that man. Agnes Fairlee, to win you I have plotted. I have failed, and now await my sentence.

TOM. I told you miner law was swift and sure. (JUBE creeps up run, and crouches behind masking rocks.)

JERDEN. I understand,—a rope, a tree, and murder. (*Draws pistol.*) Not for me. (*Dashes up run. JUBE rises before him.*)

JUBE (*wrests pistol from him*). Dis is a private way, dangerous passing.

JERDEN. Curse the luck! (*Turns, and runs off L. behind cabin.*)

VERMONT. Not that way, man.

TOM. The ledge! the ledge!

JUBE. Don't you do it. Ah! he's gone ober de ledge, down three hundred feet. Good-by, detect! (*Comes down.*)

AGNES. What a horrible fate!

TOM. Better that than the tree.

VERMONT (*comes C., and takes up pick*). This is the pick that opened Nevada's bonanza. Why, it's little better than — What's this? a name cut into it? (*Looks at it closely.*) Ah (*drops it agitated*), widder, widder! (*Enter MOTHER from cabin.*)

MOTHER. What is it, Vermont?

VERMONT (*seizes her by wrist, and leads her R.*). Widder, it's come, it's come. My old head couldn't strike it, but Tom has,—the name.

WIDOW. What name?

VERMONT. A name long forgotten, but now brought to light,—John Murdock.

(*Enter NEVADA from cabin followed by MOSELLE.*)

NEVADA. Who called my name?

VERMONT. Your wife.

NEVADA. My wife?

VERMONT. Yes: at the door of my ranch in Goblin Gulch ten years ago, searching for you, with her child in her arms.

NEVADA. My wife? where is she?

VERMONT (*takes off his hat*). In heaven.

NEVADA (*covers his face*). My poor wife.

VERMONT. She couldn't find her husband, so she went home to her father. But the child —

NEVADA. Ah, the child! my little Lisa.

VERMONT (*aside*). Lisa! Now, there's a name; and I went and called her Moses.

MOSELLE. Lisa, Lisa! Why, somebody called me by that name long, long ago.

NEVADA. No: that was my child's name.

VERMONT. Right, Nevada: your child left in my arms; your child that has been tenderly cared for, who is the luck of this camp. (*Crosses, and takes MOSELLE'S hand.*)

TOM and JUBE. Our Mosey!

VERMONT. Is —

NEVADA. My child!

VERMONT. Lisa Murdock. (*Passes her to C.*)

MOSELLE. My father, you —

NEVADA (*clasping her in his arms*). Mine, mine at last.

VERMONT (*crosses to MOTHER*). Widder!

MOTHER. Vermont! (*They fall into each other's arms.*)

SILAS (*astonished*). Deacon Steele! (*VERMONT, in confusion, drops the WIDOW; TOM, DICK, AGNES, JUBE, and WIN-KYE go C., and shake hands with NEVADA and*

MOSELLE. *SILAS beckons VERMONT down C.*)

SILAS. Ain't you rather going it with the widow?

VERMONT. What do you mean?

SILAS. Well, you see, I'm not used to the customs of this part of the country; and I don't know how to break it to mother.

VERMONT. Break what?

SILAS. This new departure of yours. By the way, how many have you?

VERMONT. How many what?

SILAS. Well, it's rather a delicate question for a son to ask his father; but how many wives have you?

VERMONT. Silas Steele, are you mad? One, — your mother.

SILAS. Oh! then the widow and Abigail and the boys and the kid —

VERMONT. Well, what of them?

SILAS. Are they relatives of yours?

VERMONT. I have but one relative in this part of the country, and he seems to be little better than a fool.

SILAS. Mother says he takes after his dad. (*Aside.*) I guess the old gent's all right, after all.

VERMONT. Look here, Silas. (*Leads him down c.*) Where did you learn that trip by which you threw me last night?

SILAS. Oh! from Parson Bunker. Remember the parson, don't you?

VERMONT (*aside*). I thought so, — the wrestling angel.

SILAS. Cold day for him when he gave that away, for I threw him every time after that.

VERMONT (*excited*). What! you threw the parson?

SILAS. Just as easy as I laid you.

VERMONT (*excitedly shakes his hand*). Silas, I'm proud of you. Look here, widder, Nevada, Tom, everybody, this is my son from Vermont. Look at him: he can throw the parson, the wrestling angel. Look at him.

MOTHER. Your son? then, you are married?

VERMONT. Well, I hope so. I'm going home to see Hannah, and make up with the parson, after I've had a shy at his shins with the angel trip.

MOSELLE. And leave me, daddy?

VERMONT. Ah, little one, that will be hard! but Nevada has jumped my claim with a prior claim. In you he's found his child.

NEVADA. Yours and mine, Vermont. You must never forget, that, when I deserted her for love of gold, you took her to your heart.

VERMONT. I couldn't help it. Blamed if the little thing didn't crawl right in, and nestle, as if she belonged there.

MOSELLE. And it was such a warm nest, I hope I shall never be turned out of it.

VERMONT. Never, you bet.

NEVADA. You shall go home well fixed. The old mine shall be made to give up its treasures. Henceforth it shall be known as the Carew and Murdock mine.

TOM. No, no, Nevada: I have no right —

NEVADA (*takes his hand*). We must be partners; for what I lost, you found. In our good fortune all shall share.

DICK (*takes MOSELLE'S hand*). Then, I'll take mine here.

NEVADA. And rob me of the jewel I prize the most?

MOSELLE. Not rob, father, only give it a new setting.

DICK. In my heart.

TOM. You can trust him, Nevada; and he's had such bad luck, he deserves a nugget.

MOSELLE. Thank you, Tom. One of these days I'll speak a good word for you with his sister.

TOM. Do I need it, Agnes?

AGNES (*gives her hand*). Not with me, Tom.

JUBE (R.). Golly! see 'em parin' off. Nex' couple, slaminate. Say, tender hoof, whar's *your* pardner?

SILAS (R.). There don't seem enough to go round; but I'm on the lookout—

WIN-KYE. Lookee out for paint. See small billies. All ligh'.

VERMONT (*points to gold*). Nevada, shall I gather up the dust for you?

NEVADA. No: scatter it among the boys. It is dust, indeed, no longer to be prized by me, but for the richer treasure it has disclosed (*to MOSELLE*),—you, my darling. (*Puts arm about MOSELLE.*)

MOSELLE. O father, the clouds are lifting! You are coming out of the darkness.

NEVADA. Yes, little one; and in the new light of your eyes, I see tokens of the wealth I abandoned for a phantom. In you I find—

VERMONT (*takes NEVADA's hand*). A nugget, you bet!

NEVADA. Yes, the jewel of my lost mine.

SITUATIONS.

NEVADA C., *clasping* MOSELLE *with left arm, his right hand in that of* VERMONT. MOTHER *next* VERMONT R., SILAS R., JUBE *extreme* R.; DICK *next* MOSELLE L., TOM *and* AGNES L., WIN-KYE *extreme* L.

CURTAIN.

Always Get the Best. 50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 1 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Red Jacket	<i>George M. Baker.</i>
Old Age	
Mahmoud	<i>Leigh Hunt.</i>
The Closet Scene from "Hamlet"	
How he saved St. Michael's	<i>Aldine.</i>
Samson	
The Story of the Bad Little Boy who didn't come to Grief.	} <i>Mark Twain.</i>
Mr. Caudle and his Second Wife	
Tauler	<i>Douglas Jerrold's Fireside Saints</i>
The Doorstep	<i>Whittier.</i>
Old Farmer Gray gets photographed	<i>E. C. Stedman.</i>
Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning	} <i>John H. Yates.</i>
The Jester's Sermon	
"The Boofer Lady"	<i>Capt. Marryat.</i>
Defiance of Harold the Dauntless	<i>Walter Thornbury.</i>
Battle Hymn	<i>Dickens's "Mutual Friend."</i>
The Story of the Faithful Soul	<i>Scott.</i>
"Curfew must not ring To-Night"	<i>Körner.</i>
The Showman's Courtship	<i>Adelaide Procter.</i>
How Terry saved his Bacon	<i>Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.</i>
The Senator's Pledge	<i>Artemus Ward.</i>
Overthrow of Belshazzar	
The Hour of Prayer	<i>Charles Sumner.</i>
The Squire's Story	<i>Barry Cornwall.</i>
The Happiest Couple	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>
Godiva	<i>John Phoenix.</i>
Farmer Bent's Sheep-Washing	<i>Sheridan.</i>
The Deutsch Maud Muller	<i>Tennyson.</i>
Charles Sumner	
The Bricklayers	<i>Carl Pretzel.</i>
A Stranger in the Pew	<i>Carl Schurz.</i>
The Mistletoe-Bough	<i>G. H. Barnes.</i>
The Puzzled Census-Taker	<i>Harper's Mag.</i>
The Voices at the Throne	<i>Bayley.</i>
Hans Breitmann's Party	<i>J. G. Saxe.</i>
Kob Roy MacGregor	<i>I. Westwood.</i>
Der Drummer	<i>Charles G. Leland.</i>
The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog	<i>Walter Scott.</i>
Popping the Question	<i>Charles F. Adams.</i>
The Bumpkin's Courtship	
The Happy Life	<i>Sir Henry Wotton.</i>
At the Soldiers' Graves	<i>Robert Collyer.</i>
Nobody there	<i>Anonymous.</i>
The Factory-Girl's Diary	<i>Morton.</i>
In the Tunnel	
"Jones"	
The Whistler	
"Good and Better"	
Jakie on Watermelon Pickle	
The Old Methodist's Testimony	

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE and SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

You will find one of your Favorites among 50 of the Choicest
Selections in the

No. 2 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Rescue	<i>John Brownjohn.</i>
The Pickwickians on Ice	<i>Dickens.</i>
A Picture	<i>Mrs. H. A. Bingham.</i>
Tobe's Monument	<i>Elizabeth Kilham.</i>
The Two Anchors	<i>R. H. Stoddard.</i>
The Old Ways and the New	<i>John H. Yates.</i>
By the Alma River	<i>Miss Muloch.</i>
Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice"	<i>Shakspeare.</i>
The Sisters	<i>John G. Whittier.</i>
Farm-Yard Song	<i>John G. Saxe.</i>
The Fortune-Hunter	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
Curing a Cold	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
In the Bottom Drawer	<i>Alfred Perceval Graves.</i>
Two Irish Idyls	<i>Priest.</i>
Over the River	<i>Sheridan Knowles.</i>
The Modest Cousin	<i>Sheridan Knowles.</i>
Biddy's Troubles	
The Man with a Cold in his Head	
Harry and I	
The Shadow on the Wall	
The Little Puzzler	<i>Sara's M. B. Platt.</i>
A Traveller's Evening Song	<i>Mrs. Hemans.</i>
Calling a Boy in the Morning	
Cooking and Courting	<i>Tom to Ned.</i>
A Tragical Tale of the Tropics	
The Paddock Elms	<i>B. E. Woolf</i>
The Bobolink	<i>Aldine.</i>
Toothache	
The Opening of the Piano	<i>Atlantic Monthly.</i>
Press On	<i>Park Benjamin.</i>
The Beauty of Youth	<i>Theodore Parker.</i>
Queen Mab	<i>Romeo and Juliet.</i>
A Militia General	<i>Thomas Corwin.</i>
Address of Spottycuz	
Our Visitor, and what he came for	
"What's the Matter with that Nose?"	<i>Our Fat Contributor.</i>
Workers and Thinkers	<i>Ruskin.</i>
The Last Ride	<i>Nora Perry.</i>
Baby Atlas	
Possession	<i>Owen Meredith.</i>
There is no Death	<i>Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.</i>
The Learned Negro	<i>Congregationalist.</i>
Nearer, my God, to Thee	<i>Sarah F. Adams.</i>
A Short Sermon	<i>Not by a Hard-Shell Baptist.</i>
Join' Home To-day	<i>W. M. Carleton.</i>
The Broken Pitcher	<i>Anonymous.</i>
A Baby's Soliloquy	
The Double Sacrifice	<i>Arthur William Austin.</i>
Sunday Morning	<i>George A. Baker, jun.</i>
The Quaker Meeting	<i>Samuel Lover.</i>

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent by mail on receipt of price

L. E. & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston

You will find the Piece you are looking for among 60 of the Choicest
Selections in the

No. 3 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

Fra Giacomo	<i>Robert Buchanan.</i>
Bob Cratchit's Christmas-Dinner	<i>Dickens.</i>
The First Snow-Fall	<i>James Russell Lowell.</i>
The Countess and the Serf	<i>J. Sheridan Knowles.</i>
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man	<i>Mark Twain.</i>
Losses	<i>Francis Browne.</i>
Mad Luce	<i>All the Year Round.</i>
The Solemn Book-Agent	<i>Detroit Free Press.</i>
What the Old Man said	<i>Alice Robbins.</i>
Bone and Sinew and Brain	<i>John Boyle O'Reilly.</i>
Pat and the Oysters	
Twilight	<i>Spanish Gypsy.</i>
The Singer	<i>Alice Williams.</i>
Speech of the Hon. Pervese Teerboddy on the Acquisition of Cuba	
Bunker Hill	<i>George H. Calvert.</i>
Two Births	<i>Charles J. Sprague.</i>
The Old Foggy Man	
Auction Mad	
The Wedding-Fee	<i>R. M. Streeter.</i>
Schneider's Tomatoes	<i>Charles F. Adams.</i>
The Wolves	<i>J. T. Troubridge.</i>
The Ballad of the Oysterman	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes.</i>
The Deck-Hand and the Mul- A Lay of Real Life	<i>Tom Hood.</i>
Riding Down	<i>Nora Perry.</i>
The Minute-men of '75	<i>George William Curtis.</i>
Uncle Reuben's Baptism	<i>Vicksburg Herald.</i>
How Persimmons took Cah ob der Baby	<i>St. Nicholas.</i>
The Evils of Ignorance	<i>Horace Mann.</i>
Scenes from the School of Reform	<i>Thomas Morton.</i>
Ambition	<i>Henry Clay.</i>
The Victories of Peace	<i>Charles Sumner.</i>
For Love	
The Flower-Mission, junior	<i>Earl Marble.</i>
The Sons of New England	<i>Hon. George B. Loring.</i>
The Jonesville Singin' Quire	<i>My Opinions and Betsy Brown.</i>
The Last Tilt	<i>Henry R. Hirst.</i>
The Burial of the Dane	<i>Henry Howard Brownell.</i>
Appeal in Behalf of American Liberty	<i>Story.</i>
The Church of the Best Licks	<i>Edward Eggleston.</i>
The Roman Soldier. Destruction of Her- culaneum	<i>Atherstone.</i>
Temperance	
Roast Pig. A Bit of Lamb	<i>Wendell Phillips.</i>
Similia Similibus	<i>Charles Lamb.</i>
Two Loves and a Life	<i>William Snyser.</i>
The Recantation of Galileo	<i>Francis E. Salegh.</i>
Mosquitoes	<i>K. K.</i>
The Law of Kindness; or, The Old Wo- man's Railway Signal	<i>Elihu Burritt.</i>
Ode	<i>George Sennott.</i>
Mr. Stiver's Horse	<i>The Danbury News Man.</i>

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

If you are looking for Something New, you will find it among
50 of the Choicest Selections in the

No. 4 Reading Club and Handy Speaker.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 15 cents.

CONTENTS.

The Tramp	George M. Baker.
Joan of Arc	DeQuincey.
Decoration	T. W. Higginson.
Minot's Ledge	Fitzjames O'Brien.
Scene from "The Hunchback"	Sheridan Knowles.
Widder Green's Last Words	
The Cane-Bottomed Chair	Thackeray.
The House-Top Saint	Mrs. J. D. Chaplin.
Tom	Constance Fenimore Woolson.
The Song of the Dying	
My Neighbor's Baby	
"The Paper Don't Say"	
The Post-Boy	Mrs. C. J. Despard.
What is a Minority?	J. B. Gough.
Robert of Lincoln	Bryant.
Daddy Worthless	Lizzie W. Champney.
Zenobia's Defence	William Ware.
William Tell	
Mary Maloney's Philosophy	Philadelphia Bulletin.
Custer's Last Charge	Frederick Whittaker.
Mother's Fool	
The Little Black Eyed Rebel	Will Carleton.
"The Palace o' the King"	William Mitchell.
Grandfather	Theodore Parker.
"Business" in Mississippi	Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.
The Indian's Claim	Everett.
The Battle-Flag of Sigurd	
The Way Astors are Made	J. M. Bailey.
Mr. Watkins celebrates	Detroit Press.
The Palmetto and the Pine	Mrs. Virginia L. French.
Pip's Fight	Dickens.
Cuddle Doon	Alexander Anderson.
The Hot Roasted Chestnut	J. Ed. Milliken.
St. John the Aged	
The Bell of Atri	Longfellow.
Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake	
The Little Hero	
The Village Sewing-Society	
He Giveth His Beloved Sleep	
The Dignity of Labor	Rev. Newman Hall.
A Little Shoe	
"The Penny Ye Meant to Give"	H. H.
A Question	
The Cobbler's Secret	
The Lost Cats	
The Pride of Battery B	F. H. Gassaway.
Leedle Yawcob Strauss	Charles F. Adams.
Two Portraits	
Elder Sniffles' Courtship	
Goin' Somewhere	M. Quad.

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

NOVELTIES IN ENTERTAINMENTS.



BALLADS IN BLACK.

A Series of Original Readings, to be produced as

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

With Full Directions for Representation, by F. E. CHASE.

Illustrated with Fifty full-page Silhouettes, by J. F. GOODRICH, containing the following Pantomimes:

DRINK, ANONYMOUS,
DRIGGS AND HIS DOUBLE, CINDERELLA,
ORPHEUS, THE ORGAN-GRINDER, IN PAWN.

Price in Boards, Illustrated Cover, \$1.00.

Either of the above pantomimes will be sold singly at 25 cents.

A. WARD'S WAX FIGGER SHOW.

"A serious of wax statoots ecalled by few, and exceld by none."

Arranged as an entertainment similar to the well-known Jarley's Wax Works; with a descriptive lecture in the language of the renowned humorist.

PRICE 25 CTS.

AN ORIGINAL OPERETTA,

For two male and two female characters, entitled,

ANASTASIA; or, The Peer and the Pretty One.

By HENRY M. BAKER. Price 25 Cts.



0 015 785 404 5

Plays for Amateur

BY GEORGE M. BAKER

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Drama," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

DRAMAS.

In Four Acts.

Better Than Gold. 7 male, 4 female char. 25

In Three Acts.

Our Folks. 6 male, 5 female char. 15

The Flower of the Family. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

ENLISTED FOR THE WAR. 7 male, 3 female characters. 15

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

The Little Brown Jug. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In Two Acts.

Above the Clouds. 7 male, 3 female characters. 15

One Hundred Years Ago. 7 male, 4 female char. 15

AMONG THE BREAKERS. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

BREAD ON THE WATERS. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

DOWN BY THE SEA. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

The Last Loaf. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

In One Act.

STAND BY THE FLAG. 5 male char. 15

The Tempter. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

COMEDIES AND FARCES.

A Mysterious Disappearance. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

Paddle Your Own Canoe. 7 male, 3 female char. 15

A Drop too Much. 4 male, 2 female characters. 15

A Little More Cider. 5 male, 3 female char. 15

A THORN AMONG THE ROSES. 2 male, 6 female char. 15

NEVER SAY DIE. 3 male, 3 female char. 15

SEEING THE ELEPHANT. 6 male, 3 female char. 15

THE BOSTON DIP. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

THE DUCHESS OF DUBLIN. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

THIRTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS. 4 male, 3 female char. 15

We're all Teetotalers. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

Male Characters Only.

A CLOSE SHAVE. 6 char. 15

A PUBLIC BENEFACITOR. 6 char. 15

A SEA OF TROUBLES. 8 char. 15

COMEDIES, &c., continued.

Male Characters Only.

A TENDER ATTACHMENT. 7 char. 15

COALS OF FIRE. 6 char. 15

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. 8 char. 15

Shall Our Mothers Vote? 11 char. 15

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY 12 char. 15

HUMORS OF THE STRIKE. 8 char. 15

MY UNCLE THE CAPTAIN. 6 char. 15

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN. 6 char. 15

THE GREAT ELIXIR. 9 char. 15

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. 5 char. 15

The Man with the Demijohn. 4 char. 15

THE RUNAWAYS. 4 char. 15

THE THIEF OF TIME. 6 char. 15

WANTED, A MALE COOK. 4 char. 15

Female Characters Only.

A LOVE OF A BONNET. 5 char. 15

A PRECIOUS PICKLE. 6 char. 15

NO CURE NO PAY. 7 char. 15

THE CHAMPION OF HER SEX. 8 char. 15

THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE. 8 char. 15

THE GRECIAN BEND. 7 char. 15

THE RED CHIGNON. 6 char. 15

USING THE WEED. 7 char. 15

ALLEGORIES.

Arranged for Music and Tableaux.

LIGHTHEART'S PILGRIMAGE. 8 female char. 15

THE REVOLT OF THE BEES. 9 female char. 15

THE SCULPTOR'S TRIUMPH. 1 male, 4 female char. 15

THE TOURNAMENT OF IDVLCOURT. 10 female char. 15

THE WAR OF THE ROSES. 8 female char. 15

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN ORIGINAL IDEA. 1 male, 1 female char. 15

BONBONS; OR, THE PAINT KING. 6 male, 1 female char. 25

CAPULETTA; OR, ROMEO AND JULIET RESTORED. 3 male, 1 female char. 15

SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. 15

SNOW-BOUND; OR, ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGENE. 3 male, 1 female char. 25

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. 15

THE PEDLER OF VERY NICE. 7 male char. 15

THE SEVEN AGES. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. 15

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male char. 15

THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM. 11 female char. 15

Geo. M. Baker & Co., 47 Franklin St., Boston

Baker's Humorous Dialogues. Male characters only. 25 c

Baker's Humorous Dialogues. Female characters only. 25 c

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 404 5

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5

